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# Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



ALL is "quiet on the Potomac!" Election day has come and gone and the old-time war slogan seems appropriate. The President-elect is in far-off California, having cast his vote like a good American citizen, and Alfred E. Smith is still near "the sidewalks of New York" where he also cast his vote. The presidential "candidatorial courtesy" no doubt suggested a stately bow as each one voted for the other one in the sacred precincts of the booth.

The result will occupy one line on history's pages under the date of 1928.

The Hoover headquarters on Massachusetts Avenue were ordered closed on the eve of election and the rent to Mrs. Moran ceased. It is recorded that Mrs. Moran was a liberal contributor to the Smith campaign fund; consequently, Mr. Hoover helped along with the expenses of his opponent, while he was occupying the handsome residence where society was wont to gather together in pink teas and stately dinners in the days when the Moran home was a centre of social activity during the Wilson administration.

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**A**DMINISTRATIONS come and go and the scenes of social, diplomatic and political activity shift according to the party in power. There is a distinctive halo that attends when the man or woman is clothed with official position in Washington, and the same thing prevails to some extent in reference to their homes and their offices; for the halo in Washington represents power and official influence. This is one thing that counts much in the lives of eighty thousand clerks who live on and on in hope of promotion and increased salaries, as presidents succeed presidents in the panorama of public life in the capital city. What a contrast to the old days before Civil Service prevailed, when a change of administration meant a change of the thousands of federal employees in Washington, down even to the janitor, to say nothing of the postmasters and legion of federal employees scattered throughout the country. The headsman's axe of Adlai Stevenson in Grover Cleveland's day will no longer represent metaphorically the ghastly guillotine, for appointees who secured their position on the result of previous election. Paradoxically as it may seem, Civil Service Reform also came with the Cleveland administration.

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**C**URIOS visitors are already attracted to looking upon the Hoover home on S Street as one of the sights of Washington. The wonderful rear garden of wild timber and trees, overlooked by the now famous "back porch," figured conspicuously in the campaign as the rendezvous for many an important political conference. There were forty varieties of gourds that glistened in full maturity in the sunshine of the November days.

In the library inside Herbert Hoover on his return may find another moment of respite from arduous duties, with his pipe. Although he has been in the spotlight that beats on the head of a presidential candidate, he has continued his work during the campaign with the same methodical consistency and persistency that has characterized his service, public and private. The campaign has developed many new problems of tremendous size and proportions, growing out of the unparalleled prosperity of the country that will require the coolheaded leadership of men who think well before they act and put into action plans that will bring definite results. Already there has been a very earnest discussion of an extra session to begin work on solving the much-mooted farm problem.

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**O**FFICIAL Washington, although no longer depending on elections for its job, is frankly jubilant over the outcome of the presidential race. Herbert Hoover has long been identified with Washington life—is considered almost "one of ours" by Washingtonians, with whom he is very popular. Bona fide residents of the District have no vote, but the *Literary Digest* poll included them, knowing that they at least have influence, in order to get a thorough cross-section of the factors which were operating to swing public sentiment. The poll showed the District of Columbia more than two to one for Hoover. And undoubtedly the official returns would have shown the same result if an actual vote had been possible. Herbert Hoover came first to prominence in Washington back in wartimes when he was called by President Wilson to become Food Administrator. Honored by both political parties, he was next named Secretary of Commerce by President Harding, and, as everyone knows, continued in that office by President Coolidge. His efficiency as an administrator and the new heights of importance and usefulness to which he raised the department are Washington history. The record of the man himself is probably the reason for Washington's respect for him and the general rejoicing at his election.

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**I**T is already a matter of record that the women have played a large part in the presidential campaign of 1928. The radio programs which they have broadcast have been counted the most effective of all that have been given. The array of prominent women whose interest was enlisted in this campaign was without a precedent. The snappy and effective speeches delivered by the women have done more to influence the masculine vote than all the "hurrah" of the old-time stump speaker. The Republican National Committee was fortunate in having Mrs. Alvin T. Hert as vice-chairman in charge of the Women's Department. The department proved to be of much more consequence than was at first expected.

**A** GREAT radio program came out of the ether Saturday night on the 20th, following an enthusiastic afternoon of football scores and alibis. In the quietude of the evening hours, millions of people all over the world were brought voice to voice with the President of the United States, Secretary A. W. Mellon, the represen-



Thomas Alva Edison, Honored by a Grateful Nation with the Congressional Medal

tative of Great Britain and John Grier Hibben of Princeton. The cheeriest of all the cheery voices was that of Thomas Edison. The occasion was the presentation of the Congressional Medal voted by Congress to Mr. Edison, the highest honor that can be bestowed upon any American citizen by the United States. It seemed uncanny to sit by the fire and hear Calvin Coolidge talking directly to Thomas Edison in Orange, New Jersey, two hundred miles away. It was a change from the blah of political campaign programs and struck a keynote that must have set many people thinking concerning some of the issues involved, and the aspect of two orphan boys candidates for the presidency of the United States was altogether inspiring.

It was a hookup that covered the entire country, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, South America, the British Isles and Europe—the most extensive projection of a human voice ever known in history. The program was arranged by Mr. Owen D. Young of the General Electric Company and celebrated the 49th anniversary of the first incandescent light which now illuminates the world.

After the President's greeting, Secretary Mellon's presentation was made in a most complete radioed biography of the distinguished scientist. The British government, on this occasion, returned to Mr. Edison his first phonograph which he had sent to them for the South Kensington museum nearly fifty years ago. How precious were the minutes when I heard the merry voice of Edison in his 81st year, responding in his own inimitable natural way. He even repeated the words that were reproduced

on his first phonograph, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," one of the nursery rhymes learned in childhood.

The tribute by Doctor Hibben was an utterance that should be preserved, glorifying the contributions to science by Thomas Edison. He repeated the closing paragraph from his address delivered many years ago at Menlo Park. On the manuscript of this address was inscribed a characteristic comment by Mr. Edison.

The National Broadcasting Company have in this established a high standard of progress and service. Even a semblance of this program on the radio repeated will win the eternal gratitude of every man, woman and child who has ears to hear over the radio. It was an event that appropriately typifies Thomas Edison whose great objective has been to apply the triumphs of science for the comfort, convenience and inspiration of all the people. How often have I heard him say that anything that could not be produced for the use of all the people all of the time is far short of the mark.

This was an occasion when we longed for the perfection of television to provide a glimpse into the laboratory in New Jersey where the group of friends had gathered to greet Thomas Edison in person. This same longing must have been felt by millions all over the world, for it was a historic moment in history, and repudiated the old saying that "Republics are ungrateful." A tide of love and admiration followed the Hertzian waves from all parts of the globe directly to the heart of Thomas Edison, whose quivering voice indicated how deeply he was touched by this outpouring of love and esteem in the serenity of his mature years.

Following this the program continued with a notable concert by the Navy band at Washington playing marches that reflected the distinctive American spirit. One could picture the President of the United States in the Red Room at the White House listening in to Thomas Edison and the other speakers who responded to his eloquent tribute. What a thrill came to me to realize that for thirty years I have had the great privilege of making a pilgrimage to the laboratory of Thomas Edison at least every two or three months. Here I heard his words of praise for the "Heart Throb" and "Heart Songs" books that reflect his own ideas of the sentiment of the American people who never fail in an overwhelming appreciation of impulses worth while.



Col. Charles Lindbergh watching Mechanics "Tune Up" his Ship for his Latest Flight

**S**IGN posts of a uniform kind for airplanes are an absolutely essential item in the safety of air transportation," said Mr. Harry F. Guggenheim. As a result of his experiences during his United States tour a year ago, and in subsequent cross-country flying, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh has stressed to the officials of the Fund the necessity for adequate and proper identification of American towns. In the opinion of Colonel Lindbergh,

who is technical adviser to the Fund, this identification represents one of the most worth while steps that can be taken for the advancement of civil aviation. His opinion is shared by other pilots from coast to coast and has the emphatic endorsement of the leaders in aeronautics, Government officials and directors of the Guggenheim Fund."

The work will expend the efforts initiated by the Department of Commerce for roof markings and has the emphatic support of that Department, as well as that of the Post Office Department and aeronautic organizations.

The American Legion has been active in furthering the movement, and the support of the local Legion post will be enlisted by the postmasters. The railroads, many of which have already identified their stations in this way, have also been asked to cooperate by giving permission for the roof-marking of railroad stations. This is regarded as particularly important since in most towns the railroad station is the most easily identified building, and the railroad line itself serves as a guide to the pilot who is lost. The airplane follows the railroad line and in order to find out his location "shoots the station"; that is, he comes down close to read the name and then locates himself by checking on the map. This is a hazardous and difficult method, and with the continued growth of both freight and passenger transport by air the necessity for roof marking grows more and more urgent.

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**I**N any other twelve months than these of 1928 occupied by the hottest political campaign in 32 years, Frank Billings Kellogg would be "The Man of the

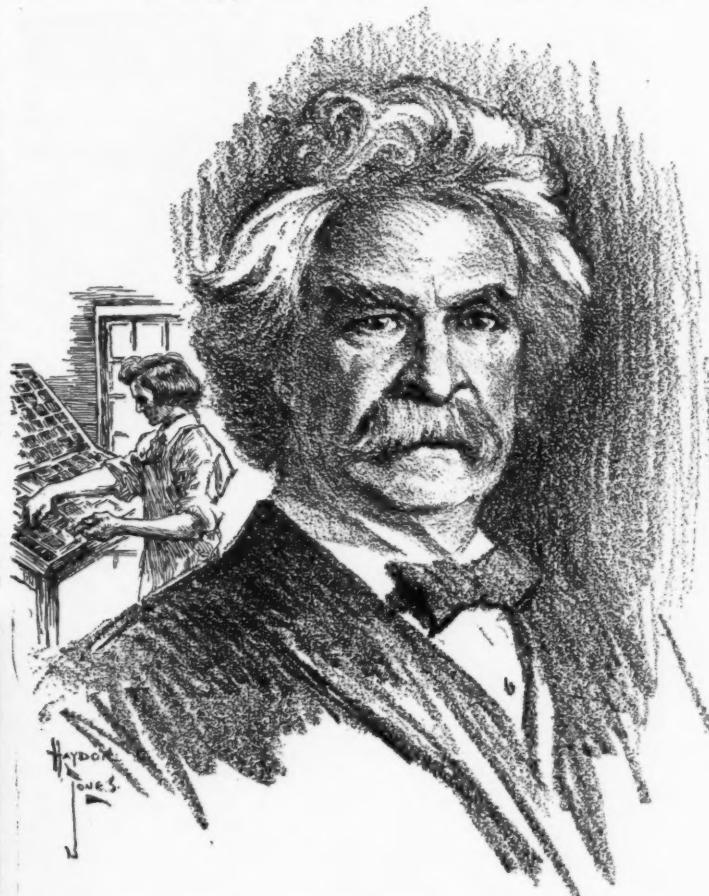


A New Portrait of Frank Billings Kellogg, Secretary of State, Whose Peace Pact Has Ranked Him Among the Foremost Statesmen of the World

Year" without any doubt. As it is, his fame abroad at the present moment very nearly eclipses that of his distinguished colleague, Herbert Hoover.

Whatever may be the ultimate effect of the Pact

which will go down in history inseparably linked with the name of Kellogg, it is at least the most significant step which the nations of the world have taken toward permanent, universal peace. The quiet way in which the accord was accomplished is characteristic of the Kellogg method. Nothing pretentious, no blare of bands, no fire-



works, but the quick, blue-eyed little man from Minnesota got the results where more ostentatious diplomats had failed. It was "keeping eternally at it" that brought the nations of the world together in this great expression of accord. And when Kellogg stepped on to American soil again after the trip to Paris for the signing and announced without threat or bluster that the great accomplishment was not to be used for localized political purposes—well, that settled it.

In his office in the Department of State Building on Pennsylvania Avenue, Secretary Kellogg illustrates the principle that really big men are far more accessible than swivel-chair underlings. As busy as any man in Washington, yet there is always a moment or two between conferences to chat with a friend.

His career includes the episodes of country school teacher, self-educated lawyer, public prosecutor, U. S. Senator from Minnesota, Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Secretary of State. Every succeeding office has seen him gain in accomplishment and notable service.

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**W**HY not observe Mark Twain's birthday? It was 93 years ago on the last day of this month of November that Samuel Clemens first saw light in Monroe County, Missouri. No other American writer has attained such prominence abroad. When I interviewed the Kaiser many years ago in Germany, Mark Twain's was the only literary name that occurred in the conversation, and it was the same elsewhere. America could do well to honor at least this one prophet in his own country.

Up in Hartford the other day I saw the home where Mark Twain came to be near the famous Beecher family

and to do his greatest creative work. Hartford lost one chance to acquire the property some years ago, but now, although the price has greatly increased, civic spirit has come to the rescue and a movement is underway to buy and endow the "Twain" home as a memorial to the man



*Owen D. Young, Head of the Great General Electric Company, who Supervised the Testimonial Banquet at which the Congressional Medal was presented to Thomas A. Edison*

who immortalized the Connecticut Yankee. This is as it should be. But there should be more. There should be a dinner every year on the night of November 30—a "Mark Twain Dinner," not only in Hartford, but in Hannibal, Mo., New York, and the other spots in his loved America that carry Mark Twain associations. In only seven years more the centenary of his birth will occur, and by that time the custom should be so well established as to pave the way for a great national observance to honor the memory of one who carries so great a name for his country.

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**T**HE hobby of a friend of mine has been to give young people a vacation trip to Washington as a reward for some particular achievement. I can think of nothing that represents a better investment. A visit to the Nation's Capital, properly chaperoned gives young people more than the tourist's perfunctory passing glance. It should be as much a part of a young man's or woman's education as going to high school or college.

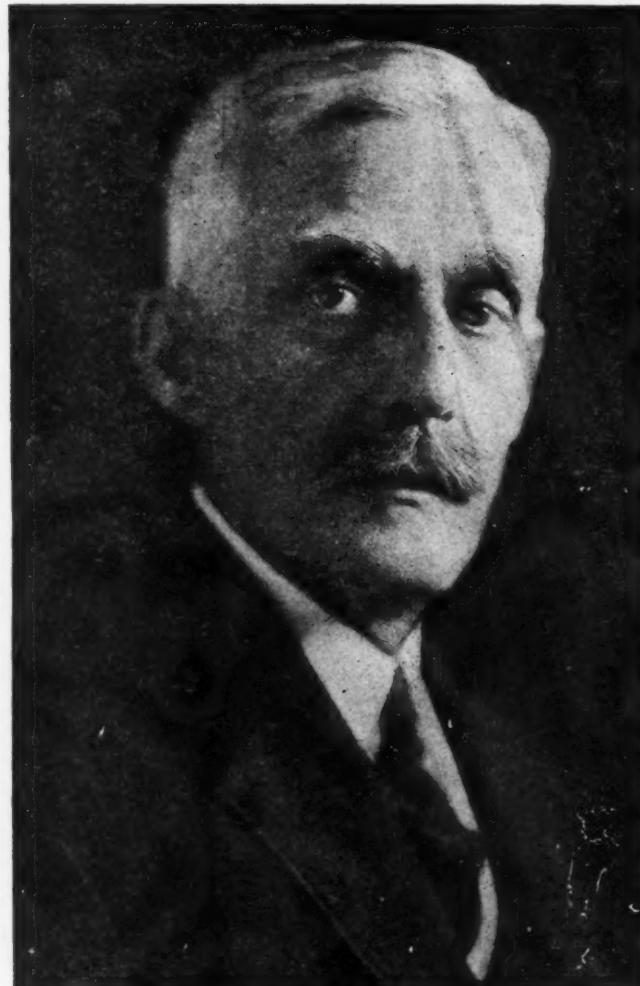
Here are some impressions received by a young man: "The soft skies, the qualities of physical makeup that mark Washington as the meeting place of the North and the South, and the mixture of peoples, the twang of the Westerner and the drawl of the man from the Atlantic seaboard, set Washington apart from all other American

cities. The dome and the monument that set off the skyline from end to end quickly bring realization that here, at least, is something different, something truly and fittingly national in scope and aspect."

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**O**RIGINALITY and individualism have not lost their value, even in these days when the highest ideal seems to be to dress, act, talk, and be like everyone else. And this has become a part of the political campaign legerdemain at Washington. Down in Hartford, the "insurance capital of America" is a young man who is demonstrating the value of originality in an unusual way. Can you imagine an enthusiast about New England "putting over" his favorite subject by means of Houdini-like sleight of hand? The two seem almost incompatible, yet Clarence T. Hubbard has done it successfully all over the northeastern states.

When he was a boy, Clarence Hubbard studied magic, as many boys do; became adept at it, as many boys don't; and even conducted a department in a boys magazine, writing in competition with Fulton Oursler, the author and playwright, of whom he became a friend in later years. From boyhood in Illinois, Hubbard, disregarding the advice of Horace Greeley, turned his steps eastward and joined the great Aetna organization in the advertising department. In recent years he has become an officer of one of the several companies of that name.



*Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, paid a Stirring Tribute to Thomas A. Edison on the Occasion of the Presentation of the Congressional Medal*

During all this time Hubbard kept up his magic for his own amusement and the entertainment of his friends. He was soon in demand around Hartford for various functions. At the same time, through his business connec-

tions, he was being found more and more valuable as an inspirational speaker upon business progress. Always, he found occasion to preach his faith in New England.

It was purely by accident, he says, that he happened to combine the two talents. He was to speak before the employees of one of New England's largest industrial concerns. A friend suggested that he use a few simple tricks to put his points across. In the language of the stage, "it knocked 'em dead," and Hubbard was requested



*Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, Republican National Vice-chairman, who was Chief of Staff of the Woman's Division of the Hoover Campaign*

to repeat the talk and the tricks the next day. That was the beginning.

"The best thing about it," says Hubbard, "is that I feel it is doing some good—driving it home with an illustration,—well, it sticks."

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FOR years the name of George Cohan has stood, in Washington as all over the country, for smartest and cleanest entertainment. "Billie," his new musical comedy starring Polly Walker, is no exception. It is a sparkling entertainment, with some of the best tunes and dancing of the year, excellent comedy, a plot that is adequate, a capable cast, and over all the Cohan spirit—which means that it is merry, every line of it.

If "Billie" isn't good for an all year run, they may as well close the doors of the theatre where it is playing, and throw the key away. The plot glorifies the chewing gum industry, and "Billie," played by Polly Walker, is the young lady who stiffens the back-bone of the hero, puts the factory on its feet and carries off all to a triumphant close. All this amid pleasant scenery of the canvas and human kind and good music. You will be hearing "Billie," "Where Were We," "The Two of Us" and "Everyone Should Go Back Home" (we don't know what the published title will be), which are the hits of the show, played by dance orchestras all this season.

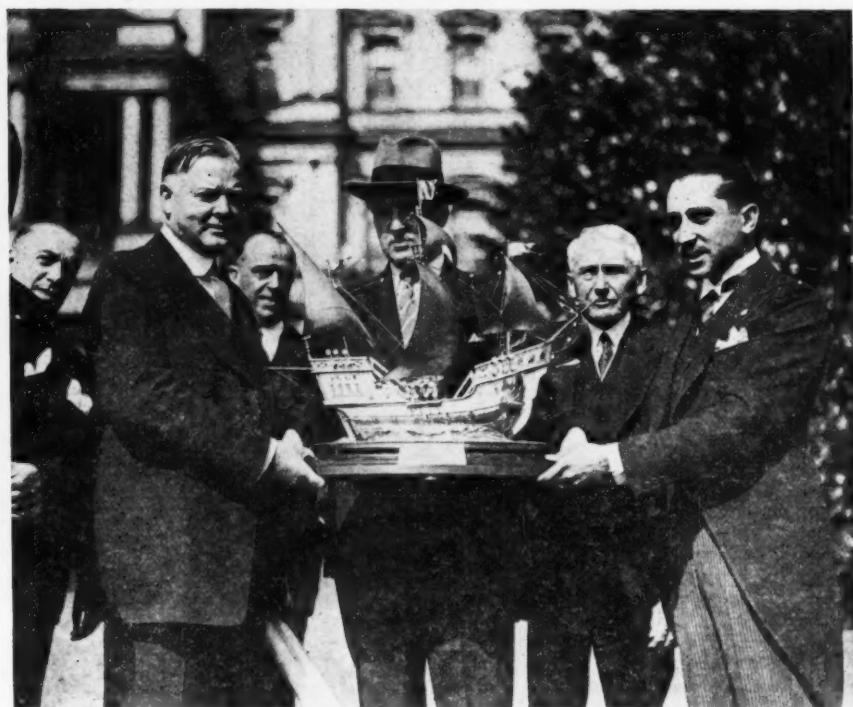
Some critics would point out that the excellent first act is followed by one scarcely as good, and that the political song by the quartet in the second portion falls pretty flat—but no matter. Taken all in all, it is as entertaining a piece of work as you will find anywhere.

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**I**F more department officials would study their jobs as John Henry Bartlett, first assistant Postmaster-General, does, there would probably be less of the criticism that is frequently directed at red-tape, delay and inefficiency.

Listen to this definition of a good postmaster from General Bartlett's speech before the national convention of postmasters at Asheville, N. C., last month. It is equally good for the man in any business position:

"Sometimes I hear a person being extolled as a wonderful postmaster, when I know him to be a very poor postmaster. Such a fellow is in the air. He is "blimping" on his good fellowship and flattery, while a disorganized personnel may be working awry and taking the blame of



*The Representatives of Ancient Spain, the Discovery Motherland of America, presenting Herbert Hoover a Ship Given by King Alfonso XIII, in company with Secretary of State Kellogg*

an erroneous system and faulty cooperation for which he is responsible.

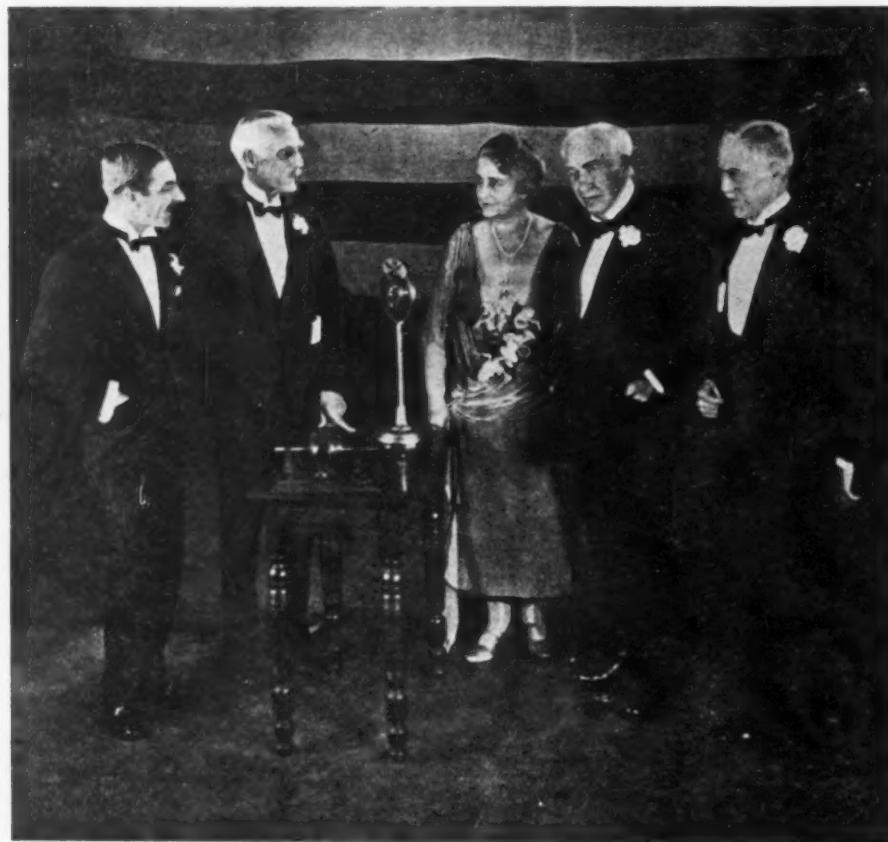
"No man can be a good postmaster unless he knows the details of his service. This means study. Some post masters will join a Shakesperian club and spend the Winter learning a drama, when, if they were asked the rate of postage on something or the rule about some common every-day postal matter, they would have to call in a subordinate to answer the question.

"A good postmaster does not need to be ignorant of the essential details of the postal business. He can just as well have them on his tongue's end. But he must certainly be familiar with those causes which produce mistakes and errors in the service. He must establish such dovetailing of the different functions, such sequences, such correlations that the possibility of errors will be reduced to a minimum. He must know what, with proper handling, happens to any given letter or package dropped anywhere at any time, destined to any place.

"He should be familiar with all his train dispatches and train arrivals, with air mail or boat connections. He should be able to discuss with railroad men and his mailers the question of whether the train service is adapted to the business of his city. He must know his delivery routes, one and all,—his collection service and his special delivery practices in detail. He should not have the long legged men on the short legged routes.

"He must study all those facts which enter into service as he would study geography or algebra or geometry in college. It is his sole business. Unless he has all these details in his mind he is unable to reason out the causes and effect of good service. He is unable to reason out whether the people are getting the best service which he can give or not."

*At the moment of the presentation of the Congressional Medal to Thomas A. Edison at the radio banquet at his home at West Orange, New Jersey, on October 20*



*Left to right: Ronald Campbell, charge d'affaires of the British Embassy; Secretary Mellon; Mrs. Edison; Thomas A., Edison, President Hibben of Princeton*

## Nation Honors Edison and His Genius

*Congressional Medal presented to Thomas Edison by Secretary Andrew W. Mellon at radio banquet  
—Address by John Grier Hibben, President of Princeton, extolls  
American spirit of genius*

**C**ONFUTING the proposition that prophets are without honor in their own countries, and that genius goes unrecognized, a grateful American people, through the spokesmanship of national leaders, awarded Thomas Alva Edison the Congressional Medal at a presentation banquet on the night of October 20, heard by millions of persons throughout the country over the distance-annihilating radio. The banquet itself was at Orange, New Jersey, famous as the workshop where the Edison inventions came into being, but from his study in the White House at Washington, President Coolidge sat before the microphone and radioed greetings that were heard not only by Mr. Edison and the party in the banquet hall at Orange, but all over the land. Mr. Edison's reply, likewise, went on to the ether waves to eager listeners everywhere, as did the addresses of the notables gathered for the occasion.

Presentation of the medal was made by Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, who paid eloquent tribute to the distinguished inventor. Mr. Mellon's speech, in full, follows:

**F**EW men in the history of the world have effected profound changes not only in the lives of their contemporaries but of all succeeding generations.

Thomas A. Edison is one of this small and illustrious company. In the space of a single lifetime, he has changed the conditions under which men live; and, more than any one else now living, has helped to bring about a new social order, based upon the achievements of modern science.

Early in life he acquired the habit of doing what to other men had seemed impossible. Not only did he astound the world with his own inventions, but he was willing always to expend his efforts in improving the work of others and helping to make their inventions of more practical use. In this way he perfected Bell's telephone by inventing a transmitter which increased the volume of sound and gave the invention a greater commercial value. He assisted the inventor of the typewriter to make a successful working machine. He greatly developed the use of Morse's telegraph. Edison's own inventions included the phonograph, the mimeograph, the stock-ticker, the alkaline storage battery, the motion picture camera, and many others too numerous to mention here. But his greatest achievements were in the field of electricity; and so vast and varied have been his contributions to its use that there are some men who even believe that electricity itself is merely another one of Edison's inventions.

It was just fifty years ago that Edison

set himself the task of producing an incandescent lamp that would burn steadily, could be manufactured cheaply, and used as easily as gas. Until that time the use of electricity had been very limited. There were arc lights in use for street lighting and occasionally for very large interiors. The dynamo had also been discovered, making it possible to transform mechanical energy into electric current; but no way had been found to use this current for lighting purposes except for arc lighting.

For more than a year Edison devoted himself to this problem. Menlo Park was the scene of feverish activity; and the eyes of the world were on that laboratory, especially during those autumn months forty-nine years ago, when it was known that Edison was approaching nearer and nearer to a solution. By October 18th, he had succeeded in carbonizing a filament of cotton. It broke before it could be connected with an electric current; but he kept at his task without stopping for sleep and for three days the battle went on. At last, on the morning of October 21, 1879, just forty-nine years ago tomorrow, the lamp glowed and a new light came into the world. Edison knew then that his patient struggle with Nature had been rewarded; and the world knew that the new era of electricity had begun.

OTHER inventions and discoveries followed in rapid succession. After the electric lamp came improvements in the dynamo in order to furnish the electric current needed. Edison organized and operated the first commercial central station for distributing electric current for light, power and heat, thereby proving the commercial possibilities of the new invention of incandescent lighting. From this beginning has grown up a great industry. At the same time the first real impetus was given to the new profession of electrical engineering.

Time does not permit even a short review of Mr. Edison's achievements. Mention must be made, however, of his great services to the country during the war. For more than two years, throughout 1917-1918, he worked on special experiments in connection with war problems and gave invaluable assistance to this Government in its conduct of the war. Since that time, he has continued work in experimenting on new commercial devices and further developing the usefulness and efficiency of his great enterprises.

It would be impossible to estimate the value to the world of Mr. Edison's work. We can only begin to appreciate what he has done if we will think of the world as it existed before he appeared and then contrast it with conditions as they exist today. It is necessary only to point out a few of the great industries, such as the phonograph, the moving picture, and the electrical industries, which are based almost entirely on Edison's inventions. In addition to these, must be mentioned such industries as the telegraph and the telephone, which were materially affected by improvements and new inventions made by him.

It is a formidable list. But just as one can not place a value on Mr. Edison's work, so it is likewise impossible to estimate the importance of those indirect influences which he has set in motion, not merely by his inventions but by his example. It has been said by eminent scientists that Mr. Edison, himself, for more than a generation has been an educational institution of the first rank. From him have emanated not only fresh ideas and new inventions but an influence which has inspired countless young men throughout the world to serve as he has done.

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WE like to think that Mr. Edison's genius is peculiarly American. It is essentially practical and utilitarian. He, himself, has refused always to be rated as a pure scientist, but has made it clear that he is, before everything else, a practical worker in applied science and that he will be satisfied with nothing less than practical results. No man has a more complete understanding of the necessities of modern life, nor has any one else done so much both to create and to supply those necessities. All his great inventive skill, his untiring energy, his immense knowledge, his vast experience and his creative genius, have been used to invent and to perfect things which shall be not merely useful but also commercially available. As a result, he has raised the standard of living and has added to the comfort and wealth of humanity.

Mr. Edison has never sacrificed quality. His has always been the instinct of the good workman, who felt that he must give the best that was in him to any task that he undertook. In an age when quantity, rather than quality, seems to be the goal, the example of a man like Edison has made for honesty throughout the whole fabric of modern industry.

All the world knows the Edison doctrine of hard work. No one has better exemplified that doctrine than Mr. Edison himself; and in no field are patient application and persistent effort more essential to success than in the field of applied science. One instinctively remembers the thousands of experiments which Edison made during more than half a century. In the conquest of natural forces, however, something more than hard work is needed. There must be clear thinking and steady application; but behind all this must be that spark of genius which tells a man what to do and how to go about doing it.

It is that genius which has made possible the achievements of Thomas A. Edison. It has set him apart as one of the few men who have changed the current of modern life and set it flowing in new channels. Such men appear only at rare intervals in the world's history. They belong to no nation, for their fame, no less than their achievements, transcends national boundaries. America is proud that she has given such a man to the world; and, as an expression of what the nation feels, Congress has directed that a gold medal be struck in commemoration of what Thomas A. Edison has done "in illuminating the path of progress through the development and application of inventions that have revolutionized civilization in the last century." It is my privilege, Mr. Edison, to present to you this medal as a token of the high esteem and grateful appreciation of your country.

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Another notable speech of the evening, and a tribute to Mr. Edison that stirred radio listeners as well as those physically present at West Orange, was that of John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton University. Mr. Hibben's speech follows:

"In accepting the invitation of Secretary Mellon and Mr. Owen D. Young to make the general response for science and industry on this occasion I am sensible not only of the honor but also of the responsibility which is involved. I cannot speak as a representative of industry, unless a university can be regarded as industry in the general sense of the definition of industry as given in the Oxford dictionary, 'The habitual employment in some useful work'; nor can I appear as a fitting representative of science, unless I may be allowed to assume the attitude to science similar to that of Pythagoras, who disclaimed the right to be classed with the wise men of Greece, the 'Sophai,' but stated with becoming humility that he could be justly styled a lover of wisdom, 'Philosophies,' or philosopher. And with like spirit of humility I appear tonight as a lover of science, regarding its great achievements with admiration and awe.

"This interest in science was first kindled in my mind forty-eight years ago when I was

a member of the Junion Class in Princeton and in one of the lectures of Professor Brackett, an old and intimate friend of Mr. Edison's, we were shown an incandescent lamp, which Mr. Edison had sent to Princeton from the Menlo Park Laboratory. All that we saw was a dull bit of glass on the table of the lecturer, when suddenly as a switch was turned on the miracle happened before our astonished eyes. We could almost hear the command to nature, 'Let there be light.' That experience so stimulated my interest that a small group of a half dozen of us made a pilgrimage to the Edison Laboratory a few weeks later and had the rare privilege of meeting Mr. Edison and being initiated into the mysteries of this new world of experiment and achievement.

"In the history of science there have always appeared two types of investigators. First there are those who have given themselves wholly to research in the pure science, discovering items of knowledge here and there, formulating at times fundamental laws of nature, building by slow degrees and from many sources the funded knowledge of the world. And on the other hand there are those whose minds have ranged particularly in the field of applied science, using the common heritage of knowledge to aid them in the attainment of a very definite, concrete, practical and specific object of research. The one who is working in the field of applied science is the interpreter of the value and significance of knowledge for life and particularly that sphere of practical life, the industries of the world. He is indebted to pure science to the extent that his work can be carried on not as one groping in the darkness, but laboring in the light which pure science has evolved. Industry has 'hitched its wagon to a star,' and the star is the star of science.

"It is a matter of great interest to me as representative of Princeton not only of the present but of the past, that our Professor Joseph Henry, working through his life time in the field of pure science, was able to give to the world the discovery of the reciprocal relation between magnetism and electricity, making possible the telegraph, the telephone, motor generator and electric heating by induction, and a thousand and one inventions in the modern machinery of the industrial world. It is in this field of the fundamental relation of electricity to magnetism that Mr. Edison's most important and memorable discoveries and inventions have been made.

"Mr. Edison's thought has had a wide range in the two worlds of pure science and applied science. He has had a firm grasp of the discoveries which science has been accumulating for centuries, and has moved freely and familiarly as a devoted subject of this great kingdom of knowledge. This is the world of actual fact and accepted theory.

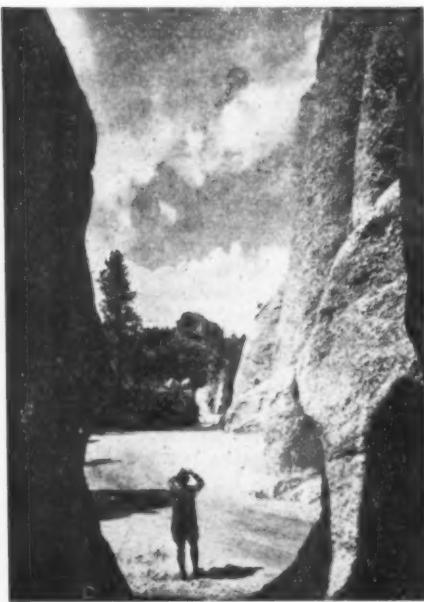
"The other world lying just beyond it is the world of the possible; to conquer it, not only reason but imagination must guide the patient and persistent investigator, and in this field Mr. Edison has been supreme. He has translated the ideas with which his imagination has played and has worked into actual realities. He has not only heard the voice of nature, but has understood her language. He has illustrated the wise saying of Francis Bacon that 'we conquer nature only by obeying her.'

# Out Where "The North Western" Begins

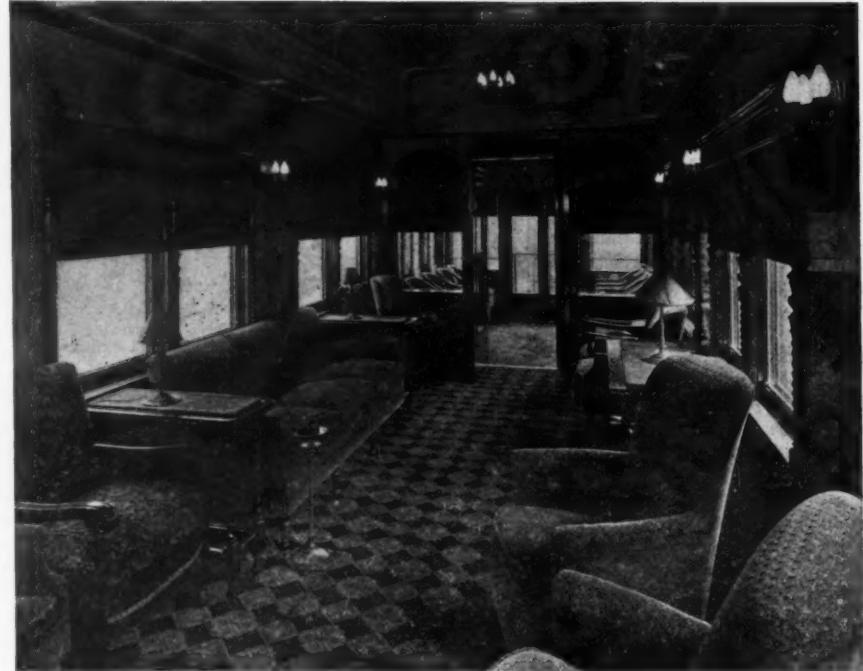
*Latest triumph in limited trains and equipment on the railroad with the slogan "The Best of Everything in the Best of the West"—Railroad literature teaches more real geography than the schools—Area exploited by this line covers half a continent*

**A**N arrow of the compass pointing north, west, and veering to the northwest from Chicago indicates the direction and a segment of a circle encompassing an area covered by one of the great transportation systems of the world. Over these rails are hauled a large variety of all sorts of commodities and products that have to do with human existence. The very name of the railroad accurately describes a course of traffic that continues to be as vitally important as in the early development days of the great Midwest and West of the Republic. It centres about the very nerve centres of production, agrarian and industrial. It is a vital part of the vertebrae of transcontinental routes associated with the vision of a new nation, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific over a distance of four thousand miles of a line followed by the sun and traversing North America from east to west.

Following the old trail the "Overland Limited" is a railroad train of world renown. Leaving the Chicago and Northwestern depot in Chicago, a railroad train preserves the route and traditions of the Overland trail crossing the plains of the great West. Radiating from this station, a pivotal point of Midwest transportation, are the most luxuriously furnished trains that run on rails. Utilized by presidents, potentates, kings, queens, and aces, the chariots of these rails are used as highways by the people in general, who have the incentive to start out to "see their own country."



Needles Road in the Beautiful Black Hills of South Dakota



Observation Car and Solarium on the "Corn King Limited"

In this palatial C. & N. W. terminal station devoted to use of the public entering and leaving the midwest metropolis I recently witnessed a scene that thrilled me. In the train foyer shed a band composed of North Western employees were playing and over ten thousand people had gathered to see an exhibit of railway equipment heretofore unparalleled. A group of negro porters were singing Southern plantation songs in another part of the station, and everyone was having a bit of a holiday, anticipating the time they were to board the new trains. Commuters in their habitual rush stopped over to see what it was all about and joined in an occasion which reflected the good humor and enthusiastic interest of Americans wherever they are enabled to see something new, marking progress and superlative in its aspect.

Exhibiting the two new passenger trains representing the last word in travel de luxe available for every sovereign American voter and otherwise, was an impressive demonstration of real democracy in a country where people do not travel in "classes." It recalled a scene in the Transportation Building at the World's Fair in 1893. The people are as interested in the "Choo Chos" as the children with their toy trains. Here was the new "North Western Limited," the

acme of all that science, skill and art had produced in all the years of building equipment. The people passed through the coaches, noting very carefully just what was new. The Pullman Company was awarded high praise for the part which they have played in this triumph of travel comfort, which marks a new era in railroad service.

First of all, here were the finest trains in the world, for on the adjoining track was a similar equipment which was christened the "New Corn King Limited"—arousing visions of the Twin Cities and Sioux City, Iowa and Omaha on the Missouri in the corn belt—the "morning after."

The porters, conductors, trainmen, engineers and firemen were all on hand in their best bib and tucker, pointing out the new features like a young bride showing you about her new home.

The progressive ideas of healthful surroundings seemed to be the supreme overture as we entered a real "solarium" located on the rear observation platform entirely enclosed. The special glass admits all the health-giving ultra violet rays of the sun, permitting eight people to enjoy a social sun bath and also observe the witchery of the scenery by moonlight through windows free from disturbing draughts. The rear Observation car suggested that you dropped in to see a



*Soda Fountain in Lounge Car of the "New North Western Limited"*

friend. The colorful upholstery and furniture and the windows and lights, with tapestry shades mellowed the light from the broad windows by day and gave a rich cosy glow to this living room on wheels, as the lights were turned on in early evening. There was a telephone and swivel chairs and a mirrored console table—in other words, a transplanted home as one very proper young lady from Boston primly remarked: One felt like taking off one's hat and staying a while, instead of moving on with the procession of interested spectators.

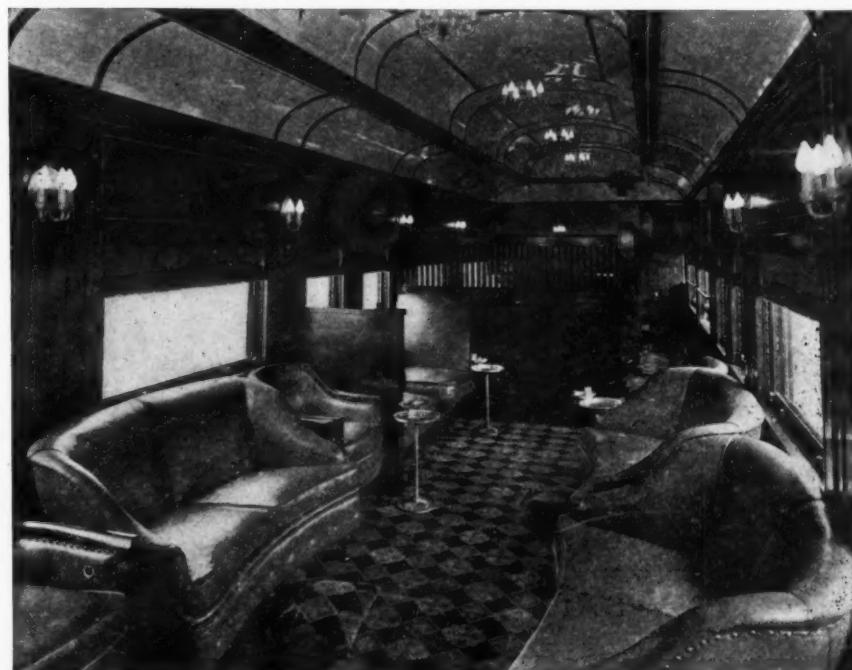
Six statesrooms that can be used singly or en suite may be correctly christened boudoirs. The porter was there to show you the full length bed with boxed springs and a real hair mattress. The back of a chair folds down magically and a washstand appears. Cheval glass in the door and an oval glass in the wall made one realize that it is possible to see all sides of oneself in a mirror. Parchment-shaded lights and a dressing table suggested a room de luxe not surpassed in any of the palatial hotels of the period. There was the thermos carafe and levers for individual heat control, so that one could cool his head and warm his feet by levers, and obtain any degree of ventilation desired. A servitor for the shoes enables the porter to complete his shines without disturbing the occupant with the thud of a dropping shoe and getting rights and lefts mixed. There is even a knocker on the door, but there were no "knockers" in evidence after they had viewed this superb exhibit of luxury supreme, where flowers and lights, downy beds and easy chairs—everything that could conduce to a perfect night or a "perfect day" was available for the guests on that train. There were even wardrobes in each compartment and wall cabinets for toilet articles, porcelain laveratories and what!—a soap faucet that produced the lather ready for shaving.

In the Lounge car it was like "dropping in

at the club" for here were chairs of all heights, shapes or angles, that could be moved about. Imagine my surprise when I heard the fizz of a soda fountain and looked up and there was a marble soda geyser de luxe, flanked by a coffee urn and toaster, ready to provide everything that the most critical impulse could suggest. The "pull-up" chairs and circled settees were there, fitted for a tete-a-tete or a friendly game of cards. It all encouraged a social hour in an atmosphere created by perfect ventilation and a mellow glow from the wall candelabra, presenting an

evening picture of solid comfort while the click of every wheel on the train rolled along on Hyatt Ball bearings. The nocturnal shocks of "starting and stopping" this train were missing. The jolts were eliminated by some plan of shock absorber which absorbed all the irritating jars that disturb sound slumber on the average railroad. It suggested a ship in calm waters rather than a railroad. Lounges for ladies were provided without indicating partiality or a reminder that most of the convenience heretofore, outside of the sleeping berths and seats in the car, were provided for men. It was here apparent that woman had come into her own in having a full share of courteous attention and comfort in travel.

In the regular sleeping cars the "North Western hair cushion" mattress with coil springs were provided, furnishing what the poet would call "a downy bed of ease." Upper berths have about the same conveniences as the lower, while all the new brass sash is dustproof with windows that can be easily opened and closed without imprecations. In every car there is a completely equipped First Aid cabinet. The furnishings are in American Walnut, with plenty of space for storing away clothes snug and shipshape and headboards in each section forming the basis for a series of arches making virtually a compartment of each section; a light hung in the centre of the arch was altogether an ensemble of new ideas that thought and care in details has lead to this array of innovations that deeply impressed even the blase traveling pilgrim who spends so many of his nights on a sleeping car to cover a large territory, after working hard all day. There was not a visitor of the tens of thousands who visited these trains while on exhibition at the stations of the Chicago and Northwestern at Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis, who were not only impressed but had a definite



*The Lounge Looking Toward Semi-Enclosed Ladies Smoking Room of the "Corn King Limited"*

hope that something would occur that would necessitate making a journey on either one of these new prize trains and have a real joy ride on a railroad train, en route to the area where the "tall corn grows," and where the "laughing water of Minnehaha Falls" establish the location of the incomparable Twin Cities of the world, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

It all came to me like an inspiration. After gathering together over forty different books, booklets and folders issued by the Chicago and North Western, I read them and realized that I had had the one big geography lesson of my life. Best of all, I was riding on a North Western train that had fulfilled the slogan trademark pledge of this system "The Best of Everything in the Best of the West." The more I read of the literature the more I was convinced that school teachers would do well if they introduced railroad literature of this kind into the curriculum of the schools. They probably would have done so long ago—except for the absurd notion that it would "advertise" something.

First was a beautiful book in gold and brown, entitled "California." The illustrations and maps in colors were quite enough to encourage me to make the twenty-seventh trip to California on the Overland Limited. This book I put aside in my reference library, together with a book on Los Angeles County, Yellowstone National Park, The Pacific Northwest and Alaska, Zion National Park, Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon, all of which I had bound in one volume, which will be priceless for reference in future years, something that one cannot always find in libraries. Then too I found a beautiful little book on Pike's Peak, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Denver, and one on the Jasper National Park, Vancouver.

All this indicates the extensive functions of the North Western in advertising all parts of the country "Out where the west begins" even far away from their system, but all



*In the Observation Car of the "New North Western Limited"*

a part of a complete educative tour of the West and Midwest. The folders announce that there are "forty ways and more to California and the North Coast via the Chicago and the North Western" and I would add that there are "forty ways for Sunday" in which the literature of the North Western advertises the glorious U. S. A.

Ever since the old locomotive "Pioneer" on exhibition in the Chicago Station made its first trip northwestward from Chicago, this railroad has been educating the public, becoming a potent factor in the development

and settlement of the great West. Every President since Lincoln's time have traveled over this road and of recent years have found their summer home in towns "on their line," so that handling a presidential special has become a regular routine. In 1927 President Coolidge found his healthful vacation days at Rapid City in the Black Hills. This year he also spent his vacation days at Brule, reached by the North Western lines. Right on this subject I find a book of North Western literature, entitled "My Best Tip for A Fishing Trip" by Bob Becker, the Fishing Editor of the Chicago Tribune, and I think the President must have read about this wonderland of the new Wisconsin, before deciding to spend the longest vacation period of his life, far up on the shores of Lake Superior, where the fish are sociable and bite, and where the invigorating, tingling atmosphere drives away hay fever and brings back new life to jaded nerves. One book alone is devoted to Summer Resorts on the Lakes of Northern Wisconsin. There are maps of the United States that make one eager to "get up and go." There are dainty booklets on Horseback Camping Trips for Boys, and it is noted that this literature not only deals with railroad information but tells one of the resources of the country, down to the last item of production, a veritable guide for successful farming.

What has long impressed me about the North Western has been the personnel. Every employee speaks of the North Western as "our" railroad, and he not only speaks of it that way but he acts that way. It so happened that I had to spend many hours in the Terminal Station in Chicago, and I saw an illustration of this in the way in which the people were cared for by the attendants. Mothers with babies and children, old people and others meeting the usual troubles in traveling, were looked after just as if they were guests, even to the young man who had missed a date with his girl. I saw them



*Switchback on the Needles Highway in the Wonderful Black Hills of South Dakota*

Hotel  
Alex Johnson  
Rapid City  
South  
Dakota



telephoning, helping out on lost trunks and parcels, there did not seem to be an emergency for which they were not prepared. It was altogether the most perfected, unselfish human service I have ever observed in any institution of any kind, so that the superlative might well be used in connection with the tried and true employees of the road. And why not! On the folder I note that Fred W. Sargent, president of the road, makes an announcement on behalf of his associates in reference to the two finest trains in the world.

Referring again to the literature, I find a booklet giving a synopsis of all the Fish and Game Laws in Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota; a folder telling about the Teton Mountain Route to Yellowstone Park, through the Lander Gateway, not overlooking a thrilling story of the picturesque Wind River, historic Indian Country and Jackson Hole.

While viewing the exhibition trains the engineer graciously explained to us the wonders

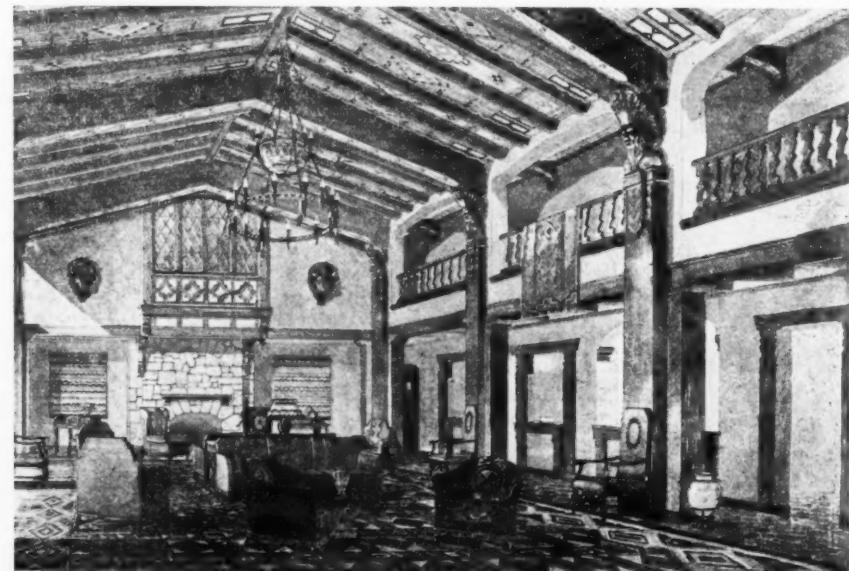
of the Train Control system. He was so enthusiastic about it that he said he felt as if there was a "superhuman power" over him, helping him to protect his train against accident. It is known as the two speed Train Control and is likened to a giant-hand or invisible guardian, which day and night, under all conditions of weather, safeguards the movement of trains and provides the engineers with a constant check as to speed and the condition of the track ahead. Before

signal lights and determines automatically the maximum speed at which the train can be operated. The engineer himself cannot appeal from this decision, for it is locked and the conductor knows just what he can do. Horns and bells remind the engineer of what he can do and cannot do. If in a fog another train approaches too closely to his train the invisible guardian changes a light in the cab of the approaching train and causes two shrill horns to sound like a fire alarm, and the horns continue until the speed of the train is sufficiently reduced to avoid all possibility of a collision. No wonder that the small boys who know all about their automobiles, climbed on the cab to find out all about it. The engine is also provided with siren horns that make music of the shrieking whistle and yet sound a most striking warning at the crossings. Underneath the tenders are sprinklers that automatically sprinkle the crossings while passing through cities.

One of the last books that I read of this interesting collection of literature was "Riding the Ridge of the Rockies" and a description of the Diamond G Ranch. No wonder that authors like Mary Roberts Rinehart and artists of world renown seek their inspiration in areas reached by this railroad that reflect the stirring, adventurous, close-to-nature life that has even appealed to the average human. A complete catalog of the industries, having North Western side tracks; a list of the products grown on land adjoining the right of way of this railroad, to say nothing of a description of the scenic



Tunnel Through the Needles on Beautiful  
Needles Highway in the Black Hills  
of South Dakota



Lobby of the Alex Johnson Hotel at Rapid City, S. D.

the train starts on its journey, this gigantic protection is set in motion when the engineer locks the train control into operating position with a Yale key, which is called a "token." He removes the key and until the conductor has received this token he cannot allow the train to proceed. On the front of the locomotive are a pair of coils which are the "eyes" of the Train Control, sensitive to the flow of an alternating electric current in the track rail's. This conductive influence is carried back to the locomotive cab with sufficient strength to note the operation of

splendor unfolded in a view from the windows of a Pullman that leaves the Chicago and North Western terminal is almost beyond computation. It provides the material for a completed education such as no college course could equal for a practical knowledge of American activities.

The pilgrimage of President Coolidge to the Black Hills, where he established the summer capital of the United States for several months in 1927, was another response to the alluring call of the hills made by John Muir, the eminent naturalist. In

a letter written to his daughter in 1896 from the same Sylvan Lake which President Coolidge visited, he wrote in this eloquent way concerning the beauties of the Black Hills:

"My! If you could only come here when I call you, how wonderful you would think this hollow in the rocky Black Hills is! It is wonderful even to me after seeing so many wonderful wild mountains—curious rocks rising alone or in clusters, gray and jagged and rounded in the midst of a forest of pines and spruces, and poplars and birches, with a little lake in the middle and a carpet of meadow gay with flowers. . . . How sweet the air is! I would like to stop a long time and have you and Mamma with me. What walks we would have. Sometime I must bring you here."

As this was the only record in all his letters descriptive of natural scenery where we can find John Muir so enthusiastic that he desired his family to be with him to share in enjoying the beauties of natural scenery, it is inevitable that thousands of others should have the same feeling.

These same impressions are recorded by General Custer for whom the State Park is named. It was logical that with all this cumulative evidence of the unchallenged and superlative attractions of the Black Hills that Rapid City should have a hotel that would provide for the great increase of tourists that naturally followed the President's visit.

With an enterprise characteristic of the cities on the Chicago and North Western Line the Alex Johnson Hotel was built in 1927. It is a fitting landmark for the new era that has come to the Rapid City gateway to the Black Hills, nestling at the foot of pine-darkened Highlands. There were enough attractions hereabouts to keep the President of the United States busy for three months to enjoy his vacation, and by the same token the beautiful and modern



*Fire Place in the Main Lobby of the Alex Johnson Hotel. Inscribed on the Wooden Beam Across the Top Are the Brands From the Many Cattle Ranches*

hostelry, named for the energetic vice-president of the Chicago and North Western Ry., Mr. Alex Johnson, was builded to become a great center for the traveling public. Here among the haunts of Wild Bill and the scenes around Deadwood, associated with the famous gold mines, the North Western road has helped to build up a new tourist centre for the country.

\* \* \*

On another radiating point of the North Western, President Coolidge found a retreat for his second vacation in the West,

located on this railroad. The charm of Cedar Lode and the Brule in Northern Wisconsin captivated the President and the first lady of the land. It only confirmed what thousands of others had known before them,—that if you want to catch trout that will bite, go to the new Wisconsin. This area has a historical setting reaching back to the time of Father Marquette in 1669, when he established a mission on the Apostle Islands near Ashland on Chequamegon Bay. The President unreservedly commended the invigorating air which not only brought a restoration of health, but eliminated the hay fever and its bothersome sneeze. This records another triumph for the practical attractiveness of an ever expanding excursion realm that comes within the transportation jurisdiction of the railroad "Out Where the North Western Begins."

All this cannot fail to impress the people sitting around their winter fireside and planning on a summer vacation that will bring a hundred percent dividend on an investment in health, enjoyment and all those things sought in perfected poems and opportunities to realize the most of the time in the year devoted to play days.

At all seasons of the year—in fact any day on the calendar, there is some place, somewhere that the traveler can consider as a destination on this railroad that will afford recreation. In the early autumn comes the call for the "Overland Limited"—in the winter time more insistent as the chill winds blow—off to California to pick oranges from the trees and bask in the sunlight amid the climatic allurements of the Golden State. In the Spring—the fishing time, and in the summer health recruiting days include about everything that could be desired for a vacation ticket that leads on "out where the west begins."



*The Summer White House at the Brule*

# Novelist's Cabin Home in Heart of Rockies

*Mary Roberts Rinehart spends her vacations in a two-room cabin in the wilds of Wyoming on the Roosevelt trail in the shadow of the "Big Horns"—Famous author of thrilling and humorous stories is a good wife and homemaker*

By FANNIE GERTRUDE PAINTER

NESTLED in a coulie at the mouth of Wolf Creek Canyon, in Wyoming, is the famous dude ranch known as Eaton Brothers'; and the summer home of the celebrated novelist, Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart. A stone's throw away, like green hills piled upon each others' shoulders rise the majestic "Big Horns," their winding trails emerging from deep forests to skirt bare, irregular patches of pink shale, then passing light-green slopes, only to be lost again from view.

Among the most noted to be seen from Mrs. Rinehart's "cabin" are the celebrated Roosevelt Trail, climbing to a height of nine thousand feet, and the historic Sibley Trail. To the right of the "Big Horns" stand the rugged Wolf Mountains.

Between the two ranges, Wolf Creek, with a fall of three thousand feet, just above the ranch, rushes down, cuts through the picturesque ranch, and passes the rear porch of Mrs. Rinehart's cabin.

The west possesses a wealth of historic lore and in the primeval forests are mirrored lakes and streams of clear water stocked with trout that dart around huge boulders; and in natural haunts, wild game abounds. In shadowy vistas of sylvan beauty feathery ferns thrive and innumerable varieties of wild-flowers flaunt their ravishing colors to tempt the artist of brush or pen.

\* \* \*

When a stranger arrives in Sheridan, the oasis of northern Wyoming, he is immediately provided with a list of the attractions of that locality. Among the first to be offered is, "This is the summer home of Mary Roberts Rinehart. She spends her vacations in a cabin out here in the mountains."

The usual reply is, "Why does Mrs. Rinehart leave her beautiful home in Washington, D. C., and travel over dusty roads and barren hills, to an out-of-the-way place in the sage-brush country, to spend her summers in a two-room cabin?"

That is a question which can be answered only in a "close-up" of Mrs. Rinehart herself and the environment she finds about Wolf Creek.

Accompanied by her husband, Doctor Stanley Rinehart, the popular authoress is met at Sheridan by one of the "boys" from Eaton's Ranch. Trunks and bags are loaded on the ranch truck and she soon finds herself in one of the ranch cars, headed out of town, over long, steep hills and rough roads toward the wooded slopes and snow-covered peaks of the Big Horn mountains, some nineteen miles away. A winding path with many ups and downs, through vegetation in its natural state, leads to her summer home. The "cabin" is set among heavily-laden

choke-cherry bushes, tall, white-barked quaking aspens, and gnarled, native cottonwoods.

Here refusing all interviews and cameras, Mrs. Rinehart seeks rest, and here very few visitors are received by the famous author.

The "knocker" on the door, a worn horse-shoe significantly upturned, evidences hospi-

Mrs. Rinehart engage in the career which has brought her fame and fortune. With the first check (\$25.00) received for writing, she purchased a Christmas gift for her husband, with whom she generously shares the honors that have been bestowed upon her. She insists that the woman seeking a career must select the right sort of a husband.



*Mary Roberts Rinehart at her Cabin in the Wilds and Mountains of Wyoming*

tality at once. A young Welsh terrier rubs against one in friendly greeting, and from around the corner appears a sleek, black Boston bull pup, with a carefully appraising eye.

Admitted to the old, chinked-with-plaster log cabin, which has weathered a score of winters and is one of the oldest on the ranch, one is impressed with the fitness of things and the harmony of environment. Making no attempt to remodel or improve the place, the distinguished occupant has retained the mellow atmosphere of the home wherein she finds contentment. The roof has been raised but otherwise the building remains as originally constructed. To this sanctuary she has retired, since 1915, away from everything that savors of her life during the rest of the year. Secluded, she finds peace, rest and recreation in company with her husband, who is her business manager. Their three sons, two of whom are married, are established in the publishing business.

Not until after her children arrived, did

Unmistakably, Mrs. Rinehart possesses more than one remarkable gift. It is of course well-known that as an author she has demonstrated that you may expect the unusual from her and in like measure her success as a wife and homemaker proves that a real home may be established in two crude rooms, but rooms that reflect her exquisite perception of things beautiful and rare.

Her treasures have been brought from foreign lands to produce harmony and pleasure to the eye, Mrs. Rinehart, with broad experience, a wealth of ideas and well-earned success, together with her belief in a carefully fostered family life, can retreat to this shrine in perfect contentment.

In the cool, comfortable living room, a large polar bear rug apparently guards one of the several rare white Indian rugs upon which you tread. The only note of color in these rugs is a fine, outlined border of black and red. Directly across the room from the open front door, the generous mantel of the cobblestone fireplace holds a

*Continued on page 93*

# Where Food Serves Its Real Purpose

*The service of food involves something more than a diet—Restaurants that are purveyors of Health as well as food—Saving time and preserving health at the lunch hour*

By FRED HIGH

**M**AN is a creature modified by the soil on which he lives as surely as plants conform themselves to the soil on which they are rooted," said Dr. Jacob Lyman of Rutgers University at the Institute of Chemistry at Northwestern University.

"As a matter of fact we are not only what we eat, but we are what the animals and vegetables that we eat eat," said the noted chemist.

"Sick animals, weak plants, and devitalized foods make sick, weak and devitalized people, and are dear at any price," says a noted dietitian.

The meat and poultry producers are fast waking up to this fact, hence we hear of milk-fed chickens, swine raised on alfalfa, and clover-fed cattle. A luscious steak, roast, or chop must have the necessary vitamins, and the proper chemical salts must be in the meat before the chef gets it or it will not contain them when it reaches the platter and is placed upon the table. It's not only meat, but discriminating patrons of our best restaurants are now as particular about the sort of vegetables they select as the young ladies are about their dresses, the sort of face powder or the brand of cologne they use. In no other way have the American people changed more radically than in the matter of our diet.

The consumption of fruits and vegetables by the people of the United States is now almost twice what it was twelve years ago. The production of walnuts in California has been developed from practically nothing to where the industry is now valued at \$140,000,000. These are mere examples of the way we have been changing in the matter of our diet, but there has been equally as radical a change in the manner in which our foods are prepared. It used to be fry, roast, bake and boil everything. Today it is the salads that attract the discriminating eye and draws the highest compliments from the connoisseurs who love to talk about, as well as to consume, the choicest foods.

There is a great controversy raging over whether we should eat meat or cook vegetables. Viljalmur Stefanson is constantly parading the Eskimos before us and tells of their meat-eating habits, and he occasionally essays a meat-eating marathon race himself in which he lives on an exclusive meat diet with apparently no injury to himself. But Eskimos and their blubber make little or no appeal to us.

Just at the time that Stefanson was entertaining the 2,000,000 readers of *The American Magazine* with his pleas for people to eat more meat the world's greatest

sporting and athletic event was being held at the Amsterdam stadium. The marathon race covering twenty-six miles and 385 yards is the blue ribbon event of all the events and this was won by El Ouaf of France, a slender, narrow-chested young fellow who works in an automobile factory,



Fred High

eats nothing but vegetables, and drinks milk and water. This spindle-shanked, twenty-nine-year-old Algerian was tenth in the race at the three quarter pole, then he started to sprint along at such a lively gait that he passed the leaders one after another and finally crossed the finish line smiling and almost as fresh as when he started. He had won by 164 yards.

That there is a great difference of opinion on what to eat there is becoming less and less difference over the statement of Dr. Lyman that we are what we eat. Next comes the question of where shall we eat? Where we eat determines largely what we shall eat.

When it comes to furnishing the most ideal food, cooked or unfried, meat or vegetables, fish or fowl, it would be hard to find a more ideal place than the North American Restaurant of Chicago, better

known among those habituals who frequent it as "The Royal Gourge." If there is a greater variety of fresh, superbly prepared and appetizing food served anywhere than can be found at The North American Restaurant, then we would like to know where it is to be found. Here is a restaurant that serves 4,000 people a day with the best that the market affords. We say the best understandingly for the management has this inexorable rule—buy only the best that the market affords.

As the writer stood gazing at the steady stream of patrons selecting what each thought best, there was an unusually large proportion who seemed to grab off a huge slice of watermelon and this aroused a desire to learn why. We sat down beside a man who was burying his face in a slice of luscious melon that fairly made one's mouth water just to listen to that man eat it. We asked him if he was fond of melon. He said, "Yes, when I can get the sort I like."

A little urging soon brought out the fact that he likes the large, juicy, crisp melons that fairly crackle as you eat them. It takes fifty of these big thirty-five to fifty-pound watermelons a day to supply the demands. The portions served at this restaurant are of the same generous size that one would expect at the best hotels—not the hotels where you pay for style, but the ones where you go when you want real food.

The silverware and tables are dressed just as you would expect them to be at a first-class hotel.

After all the way things are served is very much a matter of taste, preference, whim and habit. The real thing is the food and the way it is prepared that interests us all most.

The room is always specially cooled in the summer and heated during the winter so that the temperature is about the same and what is more unusual is that, winter or summer, there is never the least odor about the place that would indicate that there was a bit of food about the premises. This is one of the real arts understood or appreciated by only a few caterers. The North American is one of the show places of Chicago, one of the distinctive restaurants of this country, a sort of combination of cafeteria and restaurant.

It used to be fashionable to take medicine, now we want our iodine in our food. So we eat the sort of food that contains iodine. Sea food, fish, lobsters, shrimp, and oysters in season, are noted for the large amounts of iodine, and other curative elements that they contain. The North American, therefore, specializes in fish and

*Continued on page 93*

# The Spirit of Genius Lives On

*Arthur E. Stilwell, last of the great Empire Builders, passes, but his work goes forward—Caliph of industrial Arabian Nights created over a billion dollars of new wealth—American Patents Development Corporation his last and greatest accomplished vision*

By A. NEWTON PLUMMER

**G**REAT Men Cast Big Shadows.

Arthur E. Stilwell's shadow (he passed into the Great Beyond September 26th), spans half the American continent, looming across the American business horizon like a Titan of classic mythology.

Long after we who read of his achievements have joined him, his spirit of genius will cast its influence on the nation he helped build and which he loved so deeply.

"While yet living, I may be called a benefactor," he said shortly before he died. "But even if not accorded this honor, I have the satisfaction that I was a faithful messenger and did my best to deliver the message the great Creator gave me to deliver, to benefit the city, the section and nation I loved."

He built railroads, founded over forty cities and villages in the Southwest, including one of the greatest ports of the world—Port Arthur, Texas. He colonized over 600,000 acres of unpopulated lands, organized numerous successful corporations and lived to see the fruit of his handiwork. His associates and stockholders received over \$160,000,000 in dividends from his various enterprises. He created over a billion dollars of new wealth.

Whence this unbounded success? Wherein this magic power of achievement?

The Spirit of Genius. Undaunted faith in his dreams which turned his celestial aspirations into realities.

The psychology of his life was mastering his dreams—he was the Captain of his Soul. Psychology is only translating thoughts into actualities. Stilwell lived it.

"The dreamer is the world's great power—its saviors were all dreamers," he once told the writer, "Were it not for the dreamer there would be no progress, only stagnation."

"The dreamer sees that which others do not see. And if not an idle dreamer he starts to bring his dream on earth to benefit mankind. From the inexhaustible storehouse of vision he calls for his needed plans

"The Bible says without vision the people perish. So the dreamer and his visions saves the world. He is working hand in hand with the Creator obeying the command to take dominion."

Stilwell dipped his hand into the wasteland of what is now Port Arthur, Texas, and his magic touch created a city of 45,000 population, the oil refining center of the United States and one of the world's greatest ports. Port Arthur, comprising 4,000 acres, today is assessed at \$100,000,000. When Stilwell started its development land was worth \$7 an acre, or a total of \$28,000.

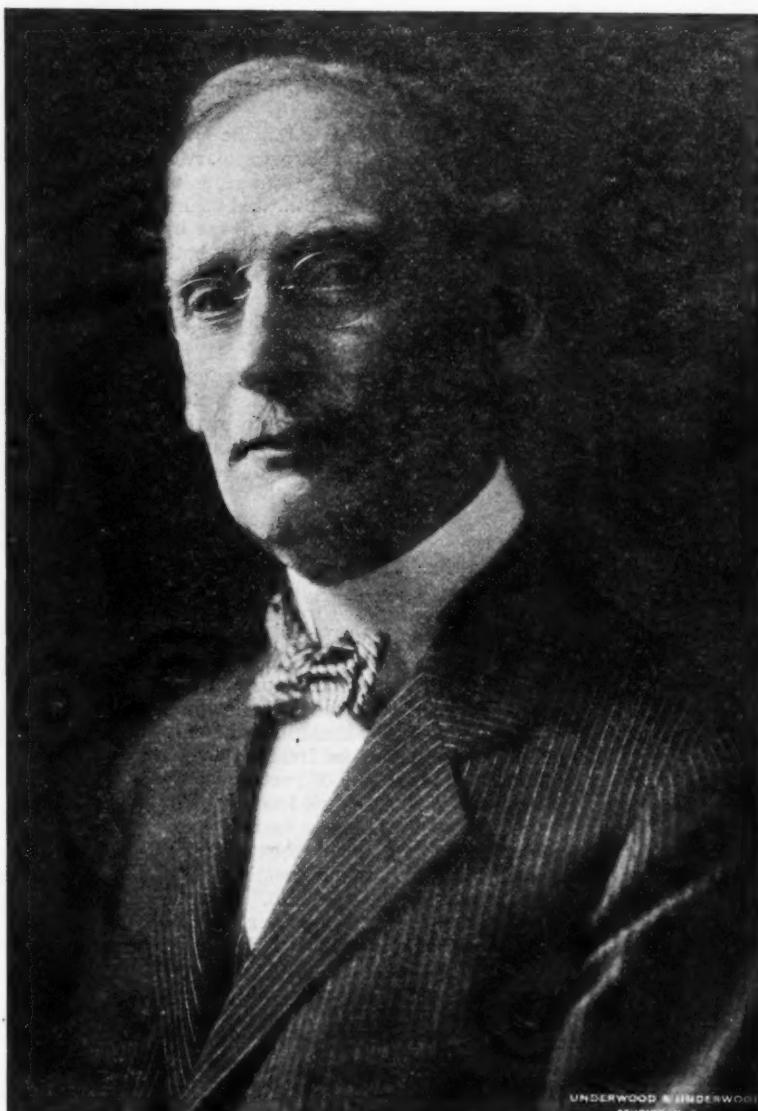
Those who live in Port Arthur today, who have enjoyed its prosperity and who are now looking forward into the vast expanse of time and see even greater possibilities for themselves and a greater city too, owe a debt of gratitude to Arthur E. Stilwell. If he had never conceived the idea of the Kansas City Southern and fought for its construction; if he had not constructed a ship canal to meet the rails, there would not be a Port Arthur today and the 45,000 people, who live there and draw upon the bountiful resources of the city and its industries, would have found it necessary to seek their livelihood in another community.

He financed and built the Kansas City Southern Railroad, and was its first president at thirty-two. He built 2,300 more miles of railroads in the United States than any other man.

The internationally known National Surety Company was founded by him. He served as its first president.

The territory on the Orient Road in West Texas that Stilwell constructed opened up an empire of wealth which today yields over \$3,000,000 to the University of Texas alone.

The two largest oil wells ever drilled in the United States were on Stilwell's roads, the Spindle Top well of 100,000 barrels



Arthur E. Stilwell, last of the Empire Builders, who died on Sept. 26, 1928

to take dominion and thus fulfills God's commands. Long before the first bird sang, there were filed in the storehouse of vision all the plans needed to give man dominion, to subject the earth, and make it yield a thousand fold, to annihilate space. But only the dreamer by intuitive knowledge can find these plans withheld from others.

*Continued on page 89*

# A Critic Who "Knows His Books"

*The radio talks and lectures of John Clair Minot, literary critic of the "Boston Herald" who keeps the people posted on good books*

WHEN I laid my hand on the editorial doorknob, I expected to be met by an editorial frown—a privileged movement of the features which seems to say, "every moment is precious." Happily disappointed was I for John Clair Minot never frowns. In a room where books large and small, thick and thin, adorned the room, I saw first a rather round-faced man, with the appropriate bone rimmed glasses and then I was conscious of a kindly, gracious presence, patience and interest plus, backed by a jolly sort of smile,—all delivered to me without my knowing just how. The lecturer who talks about books in an informal way, mingling captivating frankness with kindly criticism, was ready with an off-hand greeting and ready to give you his best even at his desk when every minute was crowded to the brim.

In discussing the love of poetry he said: "Of all the hundreds and hundreds of poems that I have loved through the years, poems

volumes of the good old poets stood in the book case in the sitting room or lay handily on the table,—Shakespeare, Milton, Moore, Scott, Burns, Tennyson, Byron, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, David Barker who was our Maine Burns, and others.

"Many a time have I seen my father come in from his farm work and read from one of these while waiting for his dinner or at the end of a hard day. Often when we boys were working with him in the fields he would quote to us passages that he loved from these poets, Byron and Scott in particular. Two of the first books ever given to me as my very own were the collected poems of Longfellow and Whittier, sent to me by my uncle in Boston and I treasure both volumes,—now after forty years.

"Then there was my teacher of English in the High School in Augusta who had a Friday evening reading club at her home for a few of us who were eager to supplement the work of the classroom. Miss Reynolds, best loved of all the teachers in that fine old school, guided the taste of many beside myself—in her long years of service there,—to an appreciation of the best things in both the great highways and the bypaths of literature. So, ever since those old days of long ago on the Belgrade farm and in the Augusta school, I have loved poetry and never tired of reading it. From Homer and Horace to Robinson and Frost, from the great 19th century groups of England and New England, to Noyes and Hausmen and Kipling and to Riley, Carman, Kilmer and a score of contemporaries, excluding the silly group that experiments in freakish forms which lack utterly the soul of poetry—there are so many from whose work I might gladly select my favorite. A few tentative examples that I quote can never express my wide range but Christine Rossetti appeals to me, especially in her "Up-Hill." Edwin Markham's "A Prayer" is another verse I often read, and one of Clinton Scollard's best is "Out of Babylon." Not so many seem to have enjoyed Sheamus O'Sheal as well as I but his "He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed," touches the heart. Kipling? Why, almost all of Kipling, but best of all is "Mother O' Mine."

Many who are New England born and bred have come to the love of poetry along similar paths and with a love for the same poems. Mr. Minot, Bostonian as to occupation, has been the literary editor of The Boston Herald for nine years and one of its contributors for as many more. After his graduation from Bowdoin College—(receiving from his Alma Mater the honorary degree of Litt. D. in 1925) he served his apprenticeship in newspaper work as an

editor on the Kennebec Journal. Later he came to an editorship on The Youth's Companion. Serving in that capacity he also wrote for the publication, having accept-



*The Critic is a "Home and Family" Man*

ances with that paper and others under thirty different names which is another way of saying that he is a prolific writer.

One of the most popular features of the Boston Herald are the Wednesday and Saturday book pages where all the latest publications are discussed. This work has naturally led to the lecture field and Mr. Minot has appeared before women's clubs, college clubs, men's clubs, teacher's associations and community forums all over New England,—having more than one hundred engagements in a season. Nearly all of his engagements are "encores,"—before organizations where he has appeared from one to six times. Thousands are familiar with his voice over the radio and his audience, pad and pencil in hand, wait eagerly to hear his opinion of this or that new book. With all these activities Mr. Minot has found time for a department in the Open Road Magazine and for lectures he has given at Boston University.



*John Hallowell Minot*

old and new, it is impossible for me, as it must be for all lovers of poetry, to select any one as supremely my favorite above all others. Yes I was born and grew to manhood on a Maine farm where a dozen vol-

*Continued on page 89*

# Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

*An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories*

## HON. HUBERT WORK

*The Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Coolidge insists upon "The Builder"*

From his spacious offices in Washington where he looked after Uncle Sam's gigantic realty interests, the Secretary of the Interior, the Honorable Hubert Work, like many others, sent to me "The Bridge Builder," by Will Allen Drumgoole as his favorite poem. The author, literary editor on a Nashville paper, has written extensively, but "struck twelve" emphatically in this remarkably cheering poem. In most of us there is a desire to stamp ourselves on our time (a privilege granted to perhaps one in a million) and the "Bridge Builder" has something of that aspiration, but goes a bit further in its humanitarian thought, as shown in the last line:

The builder lifted his old gray head,  
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,  
There followeth after me today  
A youth whose feet must pass this way.  
This chasm that has been as naught to me,  
To that fair-haired youth a pitfall may be;  
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,  
Good friend, I am building that bridge for  
him."

Dr. Hubert Work was born in Marion Centre, Pennsylvania, and began practice in Greeley, Colorado. In Pueblo, Colorado, he founded a hospital for mental and nervous diseases. Delegate at large to the Republican Convention in 1908, and Assistant Postmaster General in 1922, served as stepping stones to his rather notable public career.

Like many of the officials in Washington and in any governmental circles, men have risen to office are men who have been in the professions. Secretary Work has not only practiced medicine, but he has had infinite opportunity to study fellow-man, for he is among those of whom J. G. Holland wrote:

Tall men, sun-crowded, who live above the fog  
In public duty and in private thinking.

As a companion with Harding on his trip through Alaska, Dr. Work gathered much information first hand which is exemplified in the lines of "The Builder," his favorite poem.

\* \* \*

## MEREDITH NICHOLSON

*The popular novelist goes to "Dover Beach" for his Heart Throb*

Although born and reared in inland Indiana, Meredith Nicholson confesses to a love of the sea as the source of his heart inspiration.

"I have treasured longest and most frequently repeated Matthew Arnold's poem "Dover Beach," he replied in his own colloquial way. "Its sad cadences have a curious effect of soothing me in dark hours."

Those who grow hungry for the breath and music of the sea will understand why



Hubert Work

the author of many lovely prose compositions and popular novels pronounced the following "one of the loveliest poems in the language."

The sea is calm tonight,  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light  
Gleams and is gone. The cliffs of England stand  
Glimmering and vast out of the tranquil bay.  
Come to the window, sweet is the night air  
Only from the long lines of spray  
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd sand.  
Listen! You hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves draw back and fling  
At their return up the high strand  
Begin and cease and then again begin  
With tremulous cadence slow and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.

\* \* \* \*

Sophocles long ago  
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought  
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
Of human misery; we  
Find also in the sound a thought  
Hearing it by this Northern sea.

Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the world which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams  
So various, so beautiful, so new  
Hath really neither joy, nor light  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help from pain  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and  
flight  
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

The "Indiana School" of authors is known favorably to book-readers the world over. A truly inspiring list of novels has been turned out by these popular "midlanders." Butler College also has a claim on Meredith Nicholson and can deservedly boast of many graduates who are now nationally known as writers of the premier class.

"The House of a Thousand Candles" is the first book by this author that comes to mind, but among others that stand out prominently are "The Main Chance," "The Port of Missing Men"—which has been picturized—and "Broken Barriers." In the realm of poetry we find a volume from Mr. Nicholson's pen entitled "Short Flights." Many of these are delightful lyrics, exquisitely finished in style and reflect the pulsing ambitions and thoughts of a distinctive school in literature.

\* \* \* \*

## BERTON BRALEY

*The Author names Kipling's Poem on Roosevelt as a Heart Throb*

"A saving sense of humor" has a deep meaning, for humor has saved situations where diplomacy has failed. It is God-given and I always feel a sense of envy of the man who is able to take his humor and build an occupation, a reputation and a secure life by its application.

Such a man is Berton Braley, author of the captivating "Sonnets of a Freshman," "Oracle on Smoke," "Camp and Trench," "Buddy Ballads." It is by these the world knows him best, but in the words of Philip Gibbs, "more must be told."

The author was born in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1822. At Butte, Montana, he was a reporter, and afterward in New York was on the staff of the *Evening Mail*, then associate editor of *Puck*, where he was compelled to make humor. More serious work than that inspired by humor, Mr. Braley was special correspondent in northern Europe in the dark days of 1915, in France, England and Germany in 1918, and later in Japan and the Far East. These wide experiences have made him a delightful and welcome companion in his many clubs or in

any social gathering, for he is a man of splendid intellect.

When I asked him to give me the poem that he liked to call his favorite, I knew that he was exceptionally well read and I was a little curious to know. Unhesitatingly he told me that Kipling's "Greatheart" was his choice. A portion is quoted, especially for the enjoyment of those who loved Theodore Roosevelt.

GREAT-HEART  
(Theodore Roosevelt)  
BY RUDYARD KIPLING

The Interpreter then called for a man-servant of his—one Great-heart.—*Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."*

Concerning brave Captains  
Our age hath made known  
For all men to honor,  
One standeth alone;  
Of whom, o'er both oceans,  
Both peoples may say  
Our realm is diminished  
With Great-Heart away.

In purpose unsparing,  
In action no less,  
The labors he praised  
He would seek and confess  
Through travel and battle,  
At hazard and pain,  
And our world is none the braver  
Since Great-Heart was ta'en.

\* \* \*

BISHOP J. W. HAMILTON

*The Prelate inclines toward a Heart Throb Poem that has a Significant Application*

"This is not poetry of the highest order," wrote Bishop John W. Hamilton when he sent me "A Prejudice," "but it was written by a pupil at the time I was Secretary of the Southern Education Society and in charge of our Methodist Episcopal schools from Maryland to Mexico. Its humor amused me at the time."

Again I became convinced that in most cases a poem is remembered because it is connected with some personal experience or because it calls to mind people and places.

"In this case the 'Prejudice,'" continued the Bishop, "is likened to a mule, but the subtle meaning proves that many times what seems an obstacle turns to a blessing—or to nothing at all—as the first and last stanzas suggest. Boldly facing shadows, we walk through them."

I was climbing up a mountain path.  
With many things to do,  
Important business of my own  
And other people's, too,  
When I ran across a Prejudice  
That quite cut off my view.

I spoke to him politely,  
For he was huge and high,  
And begged that he would move a bit  
And let me travel by.  
He smiled, but as for moving  
He didn't even try.

So I sat before him helpless  
In an ecstasy of woe,  
The mountain mists were rising fast,  
The sun was sinking low.  
When a sudden inspiration came,  
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat; I took my stick,  
My load I settled fair;  
I approached that awful incubus  
With an absent-minded air.  
And I walked directly through him  
As if he were not there.

Bishop Hamilton has overcome many obstacles in his life for his activities have been widespread. He was born in Weston, Virginia, in 1845, and became a graduate from Mt. Vernon, Boston University, Wesleyan, Ohio, the University of Southern California, and taken degrees from several other institutions. He has occupied the Methodist Episcopal pulpit in Newport and Somerville, Mass., has been the editor of the *Christian Endeavor*, organized missions to Alaska, a fraternal delegate to England and Ireland, and acted as trustee for many Academies. As a prominent member of Peace Societies, his labors have had a wide scope.

"A good story or poem in our day has to be an old story," said the Bishop, whose great energy refutes time and change. "I should like to contribute to 'Heart Throbs,' for it 'stirs my mind by way of remembrance.'"

\* \* \*

OPIE REED

*Rounds up his favorite poems in Shakespeare's works*

Under the sunny skies of Florida I found Opie Reed among the orange groves sniffing the fragrance of the orange blossoms, and declaring that he felt like a young bridegroom. With all the verve of early days, Opie Reed recites verse and tells negro dialect stories as no one else could do them. Why not?—he was born in Gallatin, Tenn., on a plantation in the blue grass country where there were many slaves. The ravages of the Civil War left the old home a wreck, and Opie began his career by working on a farm and later became printer's devil in the office of the Franklin, (Kentucky) Patriot. One of the office boys whom he bawled out as city editor was Congressman Drane of Lakeland, Fla.,—who visits him often in his Floridian retreat and now claims him as a constituent.

Opie was always proud of his name and determined to make it known by a literary career. He drifted out to Little Rock, where he established the Arkansas Traveler. It outgrew the postal facilities of the state capital and was removed to Chicago and became a paper of national reputation. Before leaving for Chicago, Opie had already tried his wings as a novelist. His first effort at fiction was titled "Emmett Bowlore", which has already run into the millions. Naturally, I expected Opie to quote some southern poet as his favorite, but he lighted a long stem pipe and went to his library and brought forth a volume of Shakespeare. "In this volume are all my 'heart throb' gems but the one most cherished and my favorite of favorites is from Henry IV, when the king was in his castle, in the still pulsless night, repeating the words which echo a universal heart sentiment." In a soft and melodious voice, which has charmed millions from the lecture plat-

form and in the Chautauqua tent, Opie Reed repeated softly:

"Sleep, gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?"

Once we had disposed of the favorite poem proposition, Opie began relating negro stories in swift succession. He has the dialect which he insists is not so much in the words as in the feeling. "A negro is the child of nature. I can see the old cobbler on our plantation pegging away and telling stories that would enlighten Hans Sachs shoemaker of Nuremburg."

On the day that I met him, at Howey Groves in Florida, he was preparing to referee a real prize-fight in Tampa—a debate between his friend Clarence Darrow and a Florida clergyman on Prohibition. Darrow spent the day following the contest with Opie and talked with his old friends far into that witching night. The guest was sent to bed by his host, repeating in sonorous tones more lines of Shakespeare.

"Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy  
slumber,  
Under high canopies of costly state,  
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?

\* \* \*

How August Heckscher Utilized His Favorite Poem

"While there must have been many people who have given you the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' as their favorite poem," said August Heckscher of New York, in one of his usual happy moods, "I do not think that many of them have been able to utilize it and paraphrase it as I did many years ago—but that's another story. When I last visited England, I visited England, I visited the grave around which hangs the halo of inspiring memories of the poet Gray. I was reminded of the author's perfect imagery and philosophy, and indulged myself in again repeating the lines which I have come to love even more with the passing years.

"Again, upon a time," continued Mr. Heckscher, settling down with one of his characteristic twinkling smiles to tell a story, "this bit of verse served me a good purpose. It all occurred some fifty years ago when I owned a printing office in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, which I had taken over for a bad debt. Seeking to make the investment income-producing, I started a weekly newspaper called the 'Shenandoah News'. In those days on a very light pretext competing editors used to fall afoul of each other, and very soon the editor of the 'Herald' was heaping abuse on the 'News', the latter not failing to retaliate. So all went swimmingly until in one of the issues I paraphrased Gray's Elegy to nettle my rival editor.

"His name was Powell, and the name of the reptile contemporary being the 'Herald,' I dipped in vitriol, gravely in-

sisted that I was quoting from the famous poem that had to do with the churchyard. Imagine the following in bold type:

"The pomp of 'Heraldry,' the pride of 'Powell,' Combined to lead to the grave."

"It spiked his guns but a few days afterward my printing shop, a wooden shack, was burned to the ground, and much of the type metal I used to assail my opponent so hotly was dug out of the cellar in a molten mass. I never started the paper again but contented myself with collecting insurance."

In the ripe experience of his years Mr. Heckscher has devoted much of his time and fortune to philanthropy, in providing institutions and playgrounds for the children of New York City.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

And then we must not forget the verse that he used to advantage in his first newspaper battle:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e're gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

There are few books in which the poem with the concluding epitaph appears, a classical tribute to friendship in Gray's four lines which, to me, somehow typifies the loyal and sincere friendliness of August Heckscher in the large measure of his sincere generosity:

"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,  
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend."

#### \* \* \*

#### DON MARQUIS

*Finds his choice in "The Child Musician"*

Rudy and robust, with a shock of iron-gray surmounting a beaming countenance, "Don Marquis" made a confession. "The bit of verse that touches me most is not generally known and is titled 'The Child Musician', written by Austin Dobson, the English poet. Like Charles Lamb, he was a clerk and began publishing poems twelve years after he began drawing his salary and courting the Muse. There is always a graceful literary style and finish to his works which appeals to me, and when he passed away in 1921, I felt that the world had lost a great poet, even if he had written nothing more than 'The Child Musician.'"

Without further ceremony, Don Marquis proceeded to write out from memory the four stanzas to make sure his claims were duly recorded. Donald Robert Perry Marquis (he has made the non de plume 'Don Marquis' famous) was born in Walnut, Bureau County, Ill. The time was 1878. Early in life he began writing, what is called in newspaper parlance "real stuff." "Danny's Own Story" appeared in 1912 and nearly every year something in

the way of a book or a play has been brought out that added further to the fame of Don Marquis. "The Old Soak" made his debut in 1921, an appropriate scene for the Volstead Act. "Cap'n John Smith" knocked at the doors and received a royal welcome from the public in the same year.

While a Welsh rabbit was steaming before us, waiting for the bottle of—Worces-



August Heckscher

tershire sauce—Don proceeded to complete on the menu card, the lines of his favorite poem:

He had played for his lordship's levee  
He had played for her ladyship's whim,  
Till the poor little head was heavy,  
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie  
And the large eyes strange and bright,  
And they said—to late—"He is weary!  
He shall rest for at least tonight!"

But at dawn which the birds were waking,  
As they watched in the silent room,  
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,  
A something snapped in the gloom.

Twas a string of his violincello,  
And they heard him stir in his bed:—  
"Make room for a tired little fellow  
Kind God!" was the last he said.

The selection was as unique as Don Marquis himself. He was called to the telephone, between courses, to listen to the new song which had been written around his sprightly verses entitled "Tom Cat" by the Boston composer, Mrs. H. H. Gulesin. This song has since become a popular number in concert programs. As he left the precinct of the Players' Club, the distinguished looking whiskered cat followed him to the door as if to wish him Good Luck.

#### \* \* \*

#### WALLACE NUTTING

*The master of color photography appreciates the beauty of Mrs. Browning's Verse as altogether beautiful*

Few men have done more in an artistic and reflective way to preserve our love for

the Colonial past than Wallace Nutting. He is called an antiquarian, but that is a flexible term and so often misapplied that one wishes to seek some other that is more comprehensive. The delicately colored photographs of New England scenery with birch trees and elms, to say nothing of New England historic shrines and landmarks, are familiar to thousands because Wallace Nutting is tireless in his quest. Quaint doorways, old "settles" under a tree, staircases wonderful in design, and costumes of the period adorn many homes and brighten the windows of the art shops. The passer by, with ears weary with sounds of traffic and eyes indifferent to the prosaic suddenly catches a colored bit standing forth out of the ruck, and pauses to refresh his thoughts with a Nutting picture that recalls some half-forgotten historic homestead, or one held dear in memory. Mr. Nutting's books illustrating early European and English life are volumes of travel that are distinctly satisfying and restful for the agreeable description is held together with fascinating pictures.

At his home in Framingham, Massachusetts, I found him working among the flowers catching new shade affects.

"My love of poems centers on Mrs. Browning's lines such as:

"The Little cares that fretted me  
I lost them yesterday."

Her philosophy is suggestive enough for any orderly life and would do much to remove barriers in our paths. I have found many friends who join me in their appreciation of Mrs. Browning's poems. The author of "Aurora Leigh" has covered almost every emotion of which the human heart is capable. Her reference to classical knowledge may not touch the heart as do her lines from "The Cry of the Human."

There is no God! the foolish saith,  
But none, "there is no sorrow;"  
And Nature oft the cry of faith  
In bitter need will borrow;  
Eyes which the preacher could not school  
By wayside graves are raised,  
And lips say, "God be merciful"  
Who ne'er said, "God be praised."

Wallace Nutting was born in Marlboro in 1861 and graduated from Harvard and the Hartford Theological Seminary. Ordained a Congregational minister in 1888, he occupied pulpits in Newark, N. J., St. Paul in Seattle and Providence, R. I. Retiring from the ministry in 1905 because of ill health, he devoted himself to literary and artistic work and soon regained his health.

\* \* \*

CHANNING POLLOCK

*The author of the successful play "The Fool" keeps his favorite quotations hanging over his desk*

"My favorite quotations hang over my desk," said Channing Pollock, the author of "The Fool" and "The Enemy," pushing aside his busy pen for the moment. "These quotations have remained there since I was a very young man—reminders which

have had their influence on me." He gazed upon them as one would view a beautiful picture.

"My favorite poem of Robert Browning's holds a wealth of thought," he continued as he began in a soft voice reciting the lines:

"One who never turned his back, but marched  
breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break;  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,  
wrong would triumph  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep, to wake."

A voluminous writer, Channing Pollock has engaged in many sides of literary work and has produced some of the best plays of our time, but he will be longest remembered for his play "The Fool." So much was suggested and such a sermon was told and a good romance woven into his creed of faith, that the play captivated the public mind which was especially receptive to a hopeful philosophy during the depressing days following the war.

Biographic annals of this author give but little idea of his many activities. Born in Washington, D. C., educated in Bethel Military Academy, he completed his exhaustive philosophic studies in Austria. Some of his later occupations included serving as press representative for the Shuberts, contributing editor to *The Smart Set*, *Green Book*, and other periodicals. He was also the publisher of the magazine "The Show," and collaborated on plays with the late Avery Hopwood and Rennold Wolf. Besides being a lecturer he is the author of books and dramatization of "The Pit," "Such a Little Queen" and "The Inner Shrine." His pen was the moving power of Ziegfeld's Follies for several different seasons.

"Twenty years," he once told me, "I was rewriting "The Fool," having little belief in it. I was asked to add a verse to a song in a musical play which had completed several successful seasons. After analyzing this success made up from trite material, I began to see new possibilities in the well thumbed manuscript pages of "The Fool."

Another quotation that the playwright keeps before him for an inspiration is from an essay by Emerson, the beloved philosopher of Concord.

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinions;  
It is easy in solitude to live after our own;  
But the Great Man is he who in the midst of  
the crowd keeps  
With perfect sweetness the independence of  
solitude."

#### JAMES C. PENNEY

*The celebrated chain store merchant holds fast to Shakespearean moorings for his Heart Throb*

"During all the years," said Mr. James C. Penney, founder and head of the J. C. Penney stores, "a thought that has impressed me forcibly is that this world is, after all, a stage and the part assigned to a man must be played by him and him alone." The answer was given with a

smile that reflects the kindly dynamic qualities of the man. He is always serving some one in some way—a habit formed as a salesman behind the counter or picking up papers and keeping everything neat as he goes along.

Imbued with this philosophy, it was natural that Mr. Penney should give as his

"All the world's a stage  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances  
And one man in his time plays many parts  
His acts being seven ages."

#### EDWIN MARKHAM

*The author of the classic "Man with a Hoe" inclines toward Tennyson and Poe for his Heart Throb*

"I love Tennyson's poem, 'Tears,' for its twilight touch upon the heart," said Edwin Markham contributing his bit of Heart Throbs. "Poe's 'Helen' I like for its chaste and classic grace. I have known both from early boyhood, and I have repeated them to myself a thousand times in the great silences under the stars."

Truly here is a poet's answer and typical of the heart power and gentleness of one who could write "The Man With a Hoe"—an immortal verse that dips down into the very heart of brotherhood, the greatest problem in the world. Small wonder that the poem has been called "a battle cry for one thousand years."

More than a poet, Edwin Markham is a prophet of humanitarian thought. He was born in Oregon City, Oregon in 1852 and in his seventies remains young. As a growing youth in California, he was engaged in varied occupations—one like that of David of old, herding sheep on the hillside. Following his vision he began to look into life's depths which led to study and preparation. In later years he "found himself" in literary work.

Of many poets we have but vague recollections. We recall a verse and forget the author, or vice versa, but the name of Edwin Markham and his masterpiece "Man With a Hoe" are inseparable. To mention the verse is to mention the poet.

With his altruistic ideals and universal love it is natural that Mr. Markham should also write about child labor and the need of the children of the world. A sentiment which is still favored by modern readers, is felt in every line of his favorite "Tears," a song in the longer descriptive poem "The Princess."

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some little divine  
despair  
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes  
In looking on the happy autumn fields  
And thinking of the days that are no more."

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love and wild with all regret,  
O Death in life,—the days that are no more."

#### GENERAL PHILIP C. HANNA

*Consul-General Extraordinary Holds Fast to Stirring Poems*

There are lives so full of action, color and adventure, that the mere chronological statement of events—without elaboration—is enough to stir the imagination.



James C. Penney

favorite verse the lines from the "Merchant of Venice," where Antonio comments:

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano—  
A stage, where every man must play a part,  
And mine is a sad one."

The part played in life by Mr. Penney has been that of a successful merchant—the founder of a chain of stores established in over a thousand cities located in forty-four states. In the development of the famous Penney Farms of Florida, he has further emphasized as well as demonstrated the philosophy found in his heart throb quotation. The Penney memorial city provides a home for over one hundred retired ministers and their wives located in the very center of the Penney-Gwynn farm development of 320,000 acres in sunny Florida, which under the galvanic direction of Burdette Lewis has become one of the largest and most efficient rural developments in the world.

"The place in which a man finds himself is the place for him to make 'holy ground,' on which to stand," continued Mr. Penney. "My love of Shakespeare dates back to the days when I was struggling for a start in the work I love. The sentiment that 'all the world's a stage' was first inscribed over the doorway of the Globe Theatre in London in 1599. The idea was prevalent in Elizabethan literature, and it seems to me that the beauty of the lines increases with the years."

Such has been the lot of General Philip C. Hanna, Consul General extraordinary, retired after thirty years in the American Consular Service. Pioneer-born in Waterloo, Iowa, in 1857, his father and mother were the first white settlers in the Black Hawk County and were two of the four people who founded the thriving city of Waterloo where Mrs. Herbert Hoover was born.

After study in public schools, Mr. Hanna entered the consular service in 1889, and was consul at Venezuela, at Trinidad, W. I., at San Juan and Consul General at Monterey, Mexico. Living as he did in these undeveloped tropical sections, he gained a broad knowledge of the country and people. Passing through three South American revolutions, he was a prisoner of war when Huerta was in power in Mexico. During his service in Monterey, his recall was asked for, but James G. Blaine replied that the consul was entirely satisfactory to the United States and sent the White Squadron to anchor in the bay of Vera Cruz as a reminder of just what was meant by "satisfactory." This prompt action resulted in immediate peace. Then came the great Mexican flood of 1909 when five thousand were drowned and the country surrounding Monterey was in utter distress. With the help of the Red Cross, Consul Hanna assisted at least 90,000 sufferers, kept open relief stores for nine months and saved lives as well as salvaging valuable property. Free hospitals were kept open and disease stamped out, foreshadowing the character of work the U. S. A. was later to do in Europe during and after the World War. For his unremitting labor, President Taft publicly thanked the consul, for these services completely won the Mexican heart.

"Kipling's 'The Lost Legion' is one of my favorite selections" said General Hanna, while I was chatting with him at the Hotel Irving in Waterloo, where the veteran Consul General with his long white hair and broad-brimmed hat is a familiar picture in the streets.

There's a legion that never was listed  
That carries no colors nor crest,  
But split in a thousand detachments  
Is breaking the road for the rest.

"Somehow they suggest the real rough and tumble of life and how dull life would be without these experiences.

"There are another two verses entitled 'Winds and Waters' by Lewis Worthington Smith that stir my blood in reading them over now and then:

Give me the high and the hot endeavor  
I love dreams but I cannot stay.  
Little I have to pledge forever  
A fleeting hour in a fleeting day.

Give me the road my feet may follow  
I love rest when the quest is done,  
One look back over height and hollow  
Purple and gold in the setting sun.

#### MRS. EMILY POST

*The Novelist discovers the enduring heart qualities of Swinburne and Browning*

"My favorite has always been Browning," insisted Mrs. Emily Post, "he gives

courage to meet life." How many have felt that thrill of courage from reading "Prosprise,"—

"Fear death? to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face  
When the snows begin and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place."

And the closing lines,

"The reward of it all  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more  
The best and the last!"

Mrs. Post also quoted from Rabbi Ben Ezra. This well-known and beloved poem has been declared the favorite by many hundreds, especially by those who are "nearing the place,"

"Grow old along with me  
The best is yet to be  
The last of life for which the first was made."



The late Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Mrs. Post was born in Baltimore and attended the private schools of the city, where, in her youth, much stress was placed upon proper deportment. Naturally it influenced her work in life, for she has become an authority on manners and social usage. Her novels, laid in European atmospheres and environment contrast the standards of that country with our own.

"As for lilting words and the joy of rhythm," the author declared, "I like Swinburne." It is the same old story, by the average person not one poem but many are held dear.

"Flight of the Moth," and "Purple and Fine Linen" are among her best stories, but "Woven in Tapestry" and "The Title Market" are suggestive of her painstaking skill and wide observation.

One may not treat lightly the value of social custom. The diplomat will tell us that much depends upon his knowledge of "right procedure". The general bearing and etiquette of the man helps materially to make or mar his success. No matter how well the mind is stored, if one cannot bear himself appropriately to the occasion, he fails a little of the mark.

#### WHAT POETS SAY OF EACH OTHER

*An exchange of Compliments among Poets Living and Those Who Have Passed On.*

When the world has paid its homage and placed its laurel wreaths upon the heads

of its poets there arouses a lively interest to know what verses that others have written appeal to poets best loved. They do not seem to approach the creations of others in a critical mood—they know too well all the difficulty in transmitting one half of their vision upon paper—especially into the proscribed and exacting mathematical setting of either a sonnet, a rondeau or ballade. So I set forth to interview some well-known writers of verse to learn what favorite bit of verse written by others has touched the vibrating lyre of their own hearts.

\* \* \*

In her bungalow at Short Beach, Conn., the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox, seated on a divan in Oriental costume, began to quote Whittier's "Eternal Goodness."

"I know not where those islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air,  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love nor care."

During my tour through Egypt I thought of the author of "She." Later I had the opportunity of learning what Sir Rider Haggard believed to be a choice bit. Not from the Egyptian came his favorite as one might expect, but from Horace,

"Who then is free?  
The wise man who can govern himself."

The late John Hay was a poet given to classical allusion and one must know the best of Greek and Roman philosophers to understand some of his work. He touched the heart also in his simple ballads such as "Little Breeches," and while usually acclaimed as a statesman, his one especial quality in that capacity was international tolerance. In his career he staunchly refused to take advantage of China when other countries were gaining concessions of every kind. It was such a man who gave me these lines as his favorite,—Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" and it was not long before with "sunset and evening star,"—there came his one "clear call."

\* \* \*

"Why don't you give a poet a chance?" This was what James Whitcomb Riley laughingly said to me early in my quest, when I asked him to give me a poem that thrilled him. He gave me the poem "I had my Violin" written out in pencil in his own handwriting.

He'd nothing but his violin,  
I'd nothing but my song,  
But we were wed when skies were blue  
And summer days were long.  
And when we rested by the hedge,  
The robins came and told  
How they had dared to woo and win  
When early spring was cold.

\* \* \*

The world has aye gone well with us,  
Old man, since we were one—  
Our homeless wandering down the lanes—  
It long ago was done.  
But those who wait for gold or gear,  
For houses and for kine,  
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and  
sere,  
And love and beauty tine,  
Will never know the joy of hearts  
That met without a fear,  
When you had but your violin  
And I a song, my dear.

# The Magic Power of Advertising

*Address by Joe Mitchell Chapple before the convention of the Advertising Clubs of New England at Hartford on October 7, reprinted by request of the New England Association*

WHEN Guttenberg discovered movable type, the world moved forward a thousand years. Since that time all phases of human achievement and progress have been based upon the dissemination of ideas through the multiplying flood-gates of the spoken word a million-fold through the basic medium of the printed page. This is known today as Exploitation or Publicity. We are now met in convention assembled to discuss something very old—so old and enduring that it is ever new—which appears in a glorious new garb known as Advertising mantles, cut and fit to suit every style, form, and phase of the propagandic impulse that is as inherent in human nature as asking your neighbor to pass the butter or the molasses.

William McKinley once told me that a good many good things are lost by not asking for them at the right time and the right place and in the right way. And Advertising is nothing more than asking or answering a question.

In the days approaching a presidential election we find thirty million voters under the spell of a great question mark. And the answer will come from the *printed* ballot in the Ides of November. This might be called the greatest advertising campaign in history, with the recruiting radio the stupendous scope of the power of the spoken word is revealed, supplementing the already superlative influence of the printed phrase, of movable types, which is still vitally essential in informing the millions where and when they are going to know what is going to happen in the realm of radio. The radio page is more referred to than any other one part of the newspaper and marks the transcendent nuptials of the printed and spoken word "to live happily ever after for better or for worse."

The gigantic proportions of the mass movement of the product of movable types is impressive when it is realized that one order in one periodical or newspaper often means a million pages in one day, circulated to an equal million of individuals at a pace that makes the speed of Old Sol seem like a loiterer in travelling his daily orbit.

Let us see what our Host City of Hartford has contributed to this advertising review of 1928. First there comes the Charter Oak, a symbol of America preserving life, liberty, and constitutional rights. Then follows that rare tradition of colonial days and the ideal of Nathan Hale exemplifying a patriotism that regretted only one life to give to his country. Israel Putnam galloped down the steps and led the red-coats a merry chase. The one city in the world that surpasses in the broad and far-

reaching influence of insurance, developed to the nth power in every sort to meet every known exigency preaching the ideal of thrift and helpfulness, one to the other, in times of emergency.

With this assurance of plenty of insurance we have a sort of a safety feeling when we meet in Hartford, knowing that the city's institutions have never failed to meet its liabilities and distribute its profits in all the ups and downs of the highways of a nation's business affairs. Personally, I honor Hartford more as the home of Mark Twain in his creative years, Harriet Beecher Stowe in the zenith of her career, Thomas Platt, the author of the constitutional amendment that made Cuba libre a reality, to say nothing of being the birthplace of J. Pierpont Morgan and the home of thousands of Yankee inventors who have served human needs.

A new interpretation of the wooden nutmeg has come to me. The inventor must have his model and the wooden nutmegs are only an expression of the indomitable genius of the Connecticut Yankee to provide his own nutmegs and hope that the damned things would grow here some day. The sequel of this is revealed in the fact that the finest peach orchards in the country are within hailing distance of Hartford, this cold, barren, bleak New England of ours, as pictured by envious rivals. The silk industry, suggestive of the busy worm that provides the material for the looms, is an indication that the raiment of queens and royalty is now provided for the masses, when through the magic of advertising you cannot distinguish on the streets an evidence of class distinction in attire. The forthcoming census of 1930, of which I have had a glimpse, reveals that our own New England leads in the manufacturing of thirty-four articles and is a close second with over seventy of the nation's industrial products. In Hartford the bicycle still holds sway as it has from the days of Colonel Pope,—typewriters made in Hartford are every day clicking around the world a tune to the hum of industry, telling the story of the triumphs and achievements of Yankee industrial genius. All honor to our host city of Hartford as we hail the approach of a still greater day for that little area of land to the Nor'east, known on the map of the United States as New England, old but ever new, rich in traditions and experience, but ever maintaining the spirit of youth in high hopes and aspirations for achievements that innure to the welfare of all human kind.

Advertising must be based upon one thing: people, in the final analysis, see

things through people. When we think of the Revolution we immediately think of Washington. The Civil War means Lincoln. Aviation brings the name of Lindbergh to mind. Talk of politics or government and a million minds reflect the symbols, either "Hoover" or "Smith." Talk of your researches, and your statistics and charts all you please. They have their place and a valuable place. But at the bottom, at the base, is inspiration—and inspiration means people. It is not a question of amount, but of a subtler thing, effectiveness. This is not vision. This is a practical method, being used today in Advertising at its zenith. Look at the cigarette campaigns—based on people. And tobacco advertising is the most extensive and expensive in the country today. Look at the political campaign. It spells Men—Personalities.

There is no such a thing as free advertising. All advertising is paid for, if not in dollars and cents, then by achievement. I would say that the four most advertised men in America today are Hoover, Smith, Edison, and Lindbergh. Off-hand you would say that these men never paid for their advertising. Hoover and Smith have paid for theirs in achievement, and now \$6,000,000 is being spent to advertise them in six months—a million dollars a month. Edison paid for his with sleepless nights in his laboratory. Lindbergh paid with one spectacular piece of heroism and with the untold tribulation of being a hero ever since.

Last week I sat on Herbert Hoover's back porch on S St., in Washington. I really believe that he was glad to see someone who would be satisfied only with a cabinet position—as Mrs. Hoover put it. We sat there and talked, not about the campaign, but about Hoover's forty varieties of gourds which he planted himself, and about his favorite flower, the Canterbury Bell. These most-advertised men are simple at the bottom, human beings like ourselves. Al Smith is the same way. My most impressive memory of Al Smith is a party at which he sang seventeen complete songs from memory, in his hearty, human way. It is these little things that have made these men the famous men and the advertised men that they are. Two weeks ago I was on the platform at Madison Square Garden at the opening of the big radio show. We were up in a big glass cage like fish in an aquarium, in that famous garden where so many other freaks and circuses have been exhibited. The reporters down in front were wondering who that big, fat man was in there with all the celebrities. That was Joe Chapple, carrying water to the ele-

*Continued on page 93*

# A Moses in the Political Wilderness

*The Senator from New Hampshire contributes real leadership to the campaign as eastern manager for the Republican forces—Sidelights of the career of a dynamic personality  
—Pithy paragraphs from a pioneer Hoover man*

LONG before the Presidential election during 1928, Senator George Higgins Moses of New Hampshire summarized the results *in futuro*.

"The voters to a large extent have looked at the two men on the Republican and Democratic tickets and decided without a bitter thought toward either, and will render a calm and deliberate verdict after what was called a heated campaign."

As Eastern manager of the campaign for the Republican National Committee, Senator Moses spent many busy hours at the headquarters at the Waldorf, answering thousands of letters. Betimes he dictated those succinct and telling statements that kept the opposition on their toes. He was ever ready with an answer and used words and sentences that were loaded, characteristic of his debates and interpolations on the floor of the Senate.

The keynote speech of Senator Moses as chairman of the Republican Committee at Kansas City was a refreshing departure from the strife and stifling of chairmen. He brought to the convention the atmosphere of the greatest deliberative body of the world and injected a flash of humor now and then that made the people realize that a Senator is almost human at times. His aggressive speech and ringing challenge was the opening command of the campaign. In his address notifying Herbert Hoover at Palo Alto of what had happened at Kansas City he again reverted to a positive phrase and epigrammatic utterance which identified him again as one of the live-wire leaders of his party.

The state of Maine claims George Higgins Moses as a native son, for he was born in Lubec, Maine, February 6, 1869. He is another one of the eminent men of the country that has the distinction of being the son of a preacher. His father was Rev. Thomas Gannett Moses. Young George was dispatched to Dartmouth in 1890 and secured his degree three years later. He settled in Franklin, New Hampshire, the very town from which came Franklin Pierce, a President of the United States. Serving an apprenticeship under the keen-witted and alert secretary, W. E. Chandler, former Secretary of the Navy, young Moses as editor of the *Monitor* early acquired the habit of saying things crisply and pointedly. He was private secretary to the Governor about the time that Winston Churchill was gathering material for his novel "Coniston," and how he ever escaped in figuring as a character in that novel has never been discovered. He took to politics like a duck to water and was always serving as secretary to something. He first appeared in the Republican National Arena as delegate-at-large to the conventions that

nominated William Howard Taft and Charles Evans Hughes and Herbert Hoover. His diplomatic career began when he, in 1909, was appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Greece and Montenegro.

Here he revelled in old Athens and invoked the spirit of Aristotle, Demosthenes, and a few more of the distinguished celebrities that are identified with the glory of ancient Greece. He did not sit pensively on the ruins of Acropolis, but bestirred himself and acquired knowledge of modern Greek to go with the ancient Greek of which he had a generous smattering at college before he was given his A. B. and A. M. at Dartmouth. He even explored the classic Hellenes more thoroughly than his own home state of New Hampshire.

During the present campaign he was able to deliver a political address to Greeks in America with all the fervor and eloquence of Aristophanes, who understood the power of ridicule and humor, and the dramatic power of words and phrase. He also represented the tiny country of Montenegro nestling in the mountains.

In the eventful year 1918 George Higgins Moses donned the toga of the United States Senator and sallied forth to Washington, became the president temporary of the Senate and has been a veritable thorn in the flesh of his opponents who seek the complacency in living on past achievements. He made several notable campaign addresses, but adhered to his custom of many years of making the last speech of the campaign in his home town of Concord, rallying the last slacker and indifferent voter among the Republican ranks to their full duty of casting a straight Republican ticket and setting their consciences aright until the next election rolls around.

In appearance Senator Moses is somewhat of medium height, with blue eyes that sparkle behind his glasses; he parts his hair in the middle as an evidence of a well-balanced

brain, for although he is strong in his convictions, he has a way of looking at the other side and has never been accused of taking himself too seriously, in spite of all the digni-



George Higgins Moses, United States Senator from New Hampshire, President Pro Tem of the Senate, and Eastern Manager of the Hoover Campaign

fied and heavy responsibilities thrust upon him as the United States Senator and a party leader.

\* \* \*

During the excitement of the political campaign, Senator Moses gave me his "heart throb" in his usual staccato and forceful way of speaking. I had expected something rather dramatic comporting with the characteristics of the lively young senator who keeps opposing partisans in the Senate on tenterhooks. Imagine my surprise when the blue eyes softened behind the pinczon glasses and he began repeating the well-known lines from Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness," beginning: "I know not what the future hath of marvel or surprise."

A real Moses, who has led his fellow Republicans out of the wilderness of defeat into victory.

# Molly Brown—Hoover's School Teacher

*A visit to the home of Molly Brown, who taught Herbert Hoover his "three R's" forty-four years ago at West Branch, Iowa—Stories of the boyhood of a President—He was studious and quiet and won quick promotion*

By GRACE BUSSE

**I**N the quietude of a little vine-covered cottage, with magazines and newspapers from all over the country piled here and there, a plainly-dressed, gray-haired woman sits and welcomes city reporters, news photographers, and many other famous visitors.

Fame has suddenly discovered a little Quaker town in the Iowa hills on the banks of the Watsmonoc Creek. Fame has hunted out this little town of West Branch, because it was here that Herbert Hoover was born. Fame has hunted out this simple little home because Molly Brown lives there and because Molly Brown once taught Herbert Hoover readin', writin', and 'rithmetic.

As I stepped upon the porch, this kindly-looking woman hastened to the open door in a hospitable manner. She is a small woman with a shrewd, kindly face, seamed by seventy years of life, with gray hair drawn back simply and severely into a small knot on top of her head, and wearing a plain gingham dress with a long, full skirt. I started to ask if this was Molly Brown and then remembered that I must ask for Mrs. John Curran instead; for Molly Brown, who was Hoover's school teacher forty-four years ago, changed her name to Mrs. Curran and gave up school teaching to become a farmer's wife.

But I like to call her Molly Brown—the name brings up pictures of the past—I see the little frame schoolhouses all over America and the cheerful, conscientious Molly Browns teaching little, restless boys and girls.

Little did Molly dream that she was helping to mold a future President. Molly Brown—how fortunate that she had that name—it makes the picture quite complete. I shouldn't have liked to have her called any other name, not even Mary Brown, although she told me that Mary was her real name, but that everyone always called her Molly.

As she came to the door, I started to apologize for bothering her because I knew she had been besieged with reporters for several days and I thought she looked tired. But she stopped me by saying, "Please come right in. Maybe I look a little tired, but that's because we sat up so late last night listening in to the convention at Kansas City. I couldn't go to bed until I had heard that Herbert Hoover was really nominated. Please sit right down here in the rocker. You are the first woman reporter I have had."

Before I could ask her any questions, she said, "Now what do you want? I will try my best to help you." She seemed a little nervous, although I instantly felt it was not because of any embarrassment, but because she wanted to do what would be expected of anyone in her position and because, as I found out later, she wanted to be exactly truthful in all she said.

She began at the beginning in a very mat-

ter-of-fact manner: "I taught Herbert in 1874-5. He was ten years old then. Our schools were different in those days, not graded quite as they are now. I had the intermediate department and Herbert was in what they'd call the fourth grade, I think. When Herbert was six years old his father died. You know his father was a blacksmith here. His death was very sad, for he was only thirty-three years of age. Herbert's mother was a very devout woman and went

At this point in her story we were interrupted by four other reporters from different city papers. They at once began to ply her with questions and I was disappointed that our quiet little visit had been interrupted.

One of the first questions they asked her was: "Did you ever have to whip Hoover when you had him in school?"

"No, indeed," was her quick reply. "I never even scolded him. He was studious and quiet, and I advanced him from the third to the fourth grade quite soon."

Several times during the interview one of the reporters tried to get her to say that Hoover was exceptionally bright or that he was aggressive, or that he showed signs of leadership. But each time she replied that he was not aggressive, was not one to go ahead or to push himself forward in any way. "When I asked him to recite, he did. When I asked him to take part in a program, he did," she said, "but he never took the lead."

She rose and went to the table, where she had a copy of the high school annual.

"I want to read to you what I wrote for the annual this year, because I gave the matter much thought before I wrote it. Here it is: 'Herbert Hoover's outstanding characteristic was his habit of keeping still when he had nothing to say. But an equally noticeable characteristic was his willingness to talk when it was the time to talk.'"

She laid the book down and then said: "That is what has made Herbert Hoover a great man."

In answer to an inquiry as to what she stressed in her teaching she said, "Reading and spelling. They neglect those subjects today. It doesn't seem to matter whether pupils, even college graduates, can read and spell nowadays or not. Herbert was good in both, but I think he excelled in arithmetic."

She showed some irritation when asked about the fights Herbert had with other boys.

"I don't think he ever had any fights; he wasn't that kind of a boy and his mother's training was against such things. But I do remember that he liked to go swimming and he liked to be the first one in the water, too. That was just typical of him, and now he is going to be first in this whole country."

I had noticed when I first stepped into the cosy little living-room a large, framed picture of Mr. Hoover hanging on the wall over a little shelf, so I waited until after the other reporters had left to ask her about it. Mrs. Curran's face lighted with a proud smile and she said:

"Oh, I forgot to tell you about that. You see, Herbert has visited his old home town twice, once in 1908 and again in 1923. The last time he was here I was asked to introduce him to the school children. He didn't want to make any speeches or have any fuss made



*Herbert Hoover at the Old Swimming Hole at West Branch, Iowa, His Native Town*

among the different Quaker churches preaching. As it was against the rules of the Friends for the preacher to be paid, she eked out a living by sewing. But they were poor, very, very poor. His mother lived only four years after the father's death, leaving Herbert an orphan at the age of ten.

Here Mrs. Curran paused as if she were reliving the old days. Then she seemed to remember that I was waiting and hastened on with her story.

"The papers don't get things straight at all. I hope you will. Some of those reporters want to make a nice sounding story and they don't quote me correctly."

She said this in her usual mild, kind way, but I knew that this little, old-fashioned gentlewoman had a keen mind and was not to be influenced into saying something she didn't mean.

"They said," she continued, "that I was Herbert's first teacher, but I wasn't. His first teacher isn't living now. I was his second teacher. I had thirty-seven pupils in my room and you may know that the discipline was hard. It is because of that that I remember Herbert as a studious, quiet, well-behaved little boy. I remember him by way of contrast with many others who caused me so much trouble."

*Continued on page 93*

# Affairs and Folks

*A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events*

TOO often we think of Athens, Constantinople, Jerusalem, Cairo and the countries of which they are the culmination and epitome in terms of history as if their influence was long since over. But the inter-relation of East and West has been continuous from the beginning of civilization and never was more interesting than now.

Western civilization and scientific achievements are transforming the Near East. Railroads and automobile roads follow the most ancient caravan routes. Irrigation systems in the interior of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia are restoring the fertility of these regions. Trade with the East will continue to grow. Western ideas will give increasing impetus to the education of the masses. All of these countries of the Levant are awake to modern problems and each has a different set of problems, due to geographical factors, economic conditions, historical and cultural backgrounds, and most of all to the varying effects of the war upon them.

Greece has doubled her area but she has taken in a refugee population equal to a fourth of her own population. It is as if 28 millions of people had come into America all at once, destitute, hungry and broken. Her successful assimilation of this population is one of the miracles of contemporary life. The Government, with the aid of foreign loans, administered by a commission of the League of Nations with a succession of eminent Americans as Chairman—Hon. Henry Morgenthau, Mr. Charles P. How-

life and demanding equal rights and treatment everywhere. Here is the Turk with only seven millions of people, the most thoroughly beaten of all the Central Powers, with an exhausted army, with no navy or money or friends, yet defying the whole western world and gaining at Lausanne

tion as it is possible to conceive. Here is the Holy Land of three great religions—Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedism. The country is being administered under a mandate from the League of Nations by Great Britain which is attempting to establish a national home for the Jewish



Near East Relief Orphanages at Syra

every point he insisted upon. By the exchange of populations he has become master in his own house with a homogeneous population and a compact area. He has abolished both the Sultanate and the Caliphate; has separated Church and state; has substituted for the old Moslem law the most modern western codes, the Swiss civil code; has abolished polygamy and is rapidly giving women the same rights as men. He is even proposing to adopt Sunday as the Moslem Sabbath instead of Friday just as he has substituted the Gregorian calendar for the reckoning of time from Mohammed's

people. Zionism rests upon one of the two great opposing forces on which society is based, the force of descent, while the Aryan races base theirs on the force of allegiance. There are political problems because there are 540,000 Arabs to 160,000 Jews and 75,000 Christians. There are terrific economic problems because this is now no land flowing with milk and honey, but a land which has been under the Arab and Turk for centuries, with no minerals and few raw materials, denuded of trees, needing all the material equipment of modern civilization. The Jews of America and western Europe are pouring millions of money into this land. The immigrants from central Europe have to be held back by drastic regulations. What of the future—very uncertain, tremendously interesting. Jerusalem is the nucleus of the modern problems as it is the heart of the ancient drama.

Egypt is another of Britain's difficult problems. Here arose the most ancient civilization, dependent entirely, as is modern Egypt, upon the Nile. For here is a country equal in area to our four Pacific coast states and lower California; 350,000 square miles, but able to cultivate only 12,000 square miles, the area of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Modern irrigation works, sanitation and just administration of water and the courts have doubled the population and increased the cotton yield seven-fold. Yet as one writer has said, "the problem of democracy is now to obtain the consent of the governed not to a rule that is wrong but to a rule that is essentially right and just." Egypt, speaking at Cairo, demands full independence; but it contains within its boundaries the Suez



Eastern Children must play, too, for the Sake of Health

land and Mr. Charles B. Eddy—has settled these refugees on the land, has developed new industries in the cities, has absorbed them into the social and political life, has given them sanitary homes and livelihoods and new hope for the future. Greece has set her face toward the future and it is a future of great possibilities.

Turkey is the sick man of Europe come to

Hegira from Mecca. The implications of these fundamental changes are not yet fully understood nor their influence on the whole Moslem world. This overturning is as startling as the removal of the seat of the Government from the magical beauty of Constantinople to the harsh realities of Ankara.

In Palestine there is as different a situa-

Canal, deemed by Britain an indispensable link in her imperial communications. The settlement of this complicated clash of interest will be one of the most interesting in modern political control.

All of these countries are dependent upon western nations but are more or less restive under the political economic control of these outsiders. Everywhere are religious and social changes, everywhere the emancipation of women, everywhere the increasing use of the English language as a great common denominator. And America is appreciated because of her disinterestedness, be-

funds were appropriated by Congress, as it was thought that "Old Ironsides" would mean more as a relic if she could be restored by popular subscription.

With the Elks Lodge of America as sponsors, operating under the National Committee and boosting the enterprise among the school children of the country, \$154,366. was raised in a year. The children had done their bit with pennies and nickels; the time had come to reach the grown-ups of the country, so that they could subscribe with quarters or better. Gordon Grant, marine artist, was commissioned to paint a pic-

ture of 20% could be allowed to distributors. Accordingly, the price of the picture was made 50 cents on March 1st and this information has been given nation-wide publicity.

Provided the necessary funds are available, the work of rebuilding the ship should be completed in about fifteen months from now. At the end of that time, fully equipped, she will make a cruise of about three years duration, visiting all the Ports of the country including those on the Great Lakes and navigable rivers where conditions permit. At the end of that time she will return to Boston, to be used thereafter as a Naval Museum.

\* \* \*

**J**OHN L. BAIRD, the Scottish television experimenter, with fair hair like a gentle haystack, is spending his nights flashing faces across the Atlantic and his days pacifying too-impatient directors and shareholders. He is in bed at 11 o'clock in a morning and sleeps between the rings of the telephone at his bedside.

When you call on him now you are hardly likely to find him in the purple check sports coat, baggy trousers, and slippers which helped to make him famous when he was working with biscuit tins and bicycle parts and sealing wax and string in a garret in the Soho district of London.

He will receive you nowadays in a spacious and dignified board room—for 'round his ideas a \$600,000 company has been formed—and he will have on an ordinary double-breasted suit. Nevertheless he will talk to you about his efforts, of the machine he hopes to produce in a month or so with five spinning discs and results to surprise the world, and if he knows you well he will tell you that he is greatly interested now in the prospects of business in America for his television ideas and more particularly for his ray to pierce fog.

When he arrives in America the newspaper men will find much that is romantic to write about him. He never took the idea of following his father into the Presbyterian Church, and as a boy gained local fame for a particularly noisy motor bicycle and a low-slung amateur line which one dark night caught a cabman under the chin and carried him off his seat. He was for a little while at Glasgow University, he has worked in an electricity power station, and he could see himself making a fortune with a patent sock when ill health proposed a change of climate. As a manufacturer's agent he went to Trinidad and changed over to jam making. Insects swarmed from far and near for the jam, however, and they and ill health drove him back to England, where he started his television experiments in 1922.

Baird has a gentle handclasp and a gentle voice, but his business sense and his words are keen.

"Some day when the Derby here is run in a mist, ordinary telephone subscribers in America will be able to watch it clearly," said Baird once. And he added a phrase he has often used to me lately: "I am not going to be foolish enough to try to say when."

You may be sure that he will tell America all about these ideas, for his is the interesting personality which has become the most written-about, with the exception of royalty, in Great Britain.

WILLIAM J. BRITAIN.



*Age-Old, Famous  
"Mary's Well"*

cause of her long associations and helpfulness in missionary undertakings and great educational enterprises and her generous gifts for orphans and now for reconstruction.

The influence of the Near East Relief and their representatives in all of these countries should be a matter of deep pride to Americans everywhere. More than 130,000 children have been given a deep impress by this organization. The children are bound to affect education, sanitation, hygiene and agriculture in all of these places where they have now been placed and wherever they will live hereafter. An effort to save lives has increasingly been transformed into a school for leaders for all this part of the world. As they have gone out to make their own way they have taken ideals of service, trustworthiness, health, goodwill and fine ambition which are vitally needed all through the Near East. To complete this task and to carry out the obligations to which the Near East Relief is now committed, there is now under way a final campaign to secure six million dollars. The current Golden Rule campaign is a part of this larger effort. This is altogether the greatest opportunity we have in the world today to continue our influence and our leadership where it is so much needed and so much desired.

—BY DR. J. E. BESTOR.

\* \* \*

**T**HE campaign for restoring the Constitution was authorized by Act of Congress in March, 1925. The Secretary of the Navy was empowered to receive donations for the purpose, but no

ture of the ship, representing her at the height of her brilliant career. 1,580,000 lithographs of this painting in ten colors were purchased by the National Committee from the United States Printing and Lithographing Company. The retail price of the picture was set at 25 cents each, so that the greatest number of people could help by purchasing pictures.

In May, 1927, a subsequent Act of Congress authorized the sale of souvenirs made from materials removed from the original hull of "Old Ironsides," and to give them in exchange for substantial donations for the fund. These souvenirs are all made in the pattern shops here at the Navy Yard, hence we can vouch for their authenticity.

The Constitution was dry docked June 16, 1927 in the Navy Yard at Boston, in the very same dry dock that she christened in June 1833, having been the first ship to enter it. Work has been in progress at the hands of an army of veteran wooden ship-builders, recruited from New England coastal towns, since that time and to date \$160,750. has actually been spent in rebuilding her. Approximately \$25,000. worth of materials have been donated by various manufacturing concerns throughout the country, who desired their products to go into the rebuilt hull. About 16,000 tons of live oak timber have already been received from the store in Pensacola, Florida, where it has been submerged in Commodore's Pond for about seventy-two years. This timber has been set aside for the construction of wooden frigates for the Navy.

In February, 1928, it was hoped that the pictures would sell faster if a commission

**T**HOSE who recall "Vivid Spain" by Joe Mitchell Chapple, will find in this new book, "To Bagdad and Back," the same exhilarating sense of being transported from desk, chair or even the commuter's train and led away to roam with spontaneous freedom through colorful, picturesque regions heretofore visited only in dreams.

Here is a new book; new in that it has much to tell that is new and also because it invests old scenes with new beauty for Mr. Chapple possesses some sort of a literary wand and when he waves it, you mistake sordid things for captivating unreality. He interprets a mysterious past and a race that is standing on the shoulders of its ancestors; while showing you modern progress, the devastation of sequestered lands, the desecration of old dreams and fancies, he seems to whisper in your ear that there is a subtle beauty that never dies and that if you hold fast you need not lose the charm that was yours when Arabian Nights were devoted to story telling.

Perhaps he works magic with the help of old Omar, the mystical Persian for verses from the Rubaiyat precede each chapter and throw a veil over your mind that speedily befuddles the senses. It is like partaking of a delectable dish. You may know that the basis is the same old edible, but ah! The seasoning, the mysterious flavor's not so easily discovered.

All the way—not on a magic carpet, but by all the present-day means of locomotion,—Mr. Chapple stirs ancient dust. History is overturned, comparative events are cited, old philosophers not forgotten nor modern methods decried, but whether we journey on "this side of Jordan's wave and pass Nebbo's lonely mountain," or whether we learn between the two rivers where Nebuchadazzer enjoyed a meal of grass the while he superintended the construction of one of the greatest canals on earth, everything is touched with a luminosity and glamour. Even though we trace the pathway of oppressed races, ride over submerged towns and recite chronological facts, we still feel that we are in an enchanted country and that the dream of youth is being realized.

We emulate Moses and go down into Egypt where Mr. Chapple takes us intimately and we meet his fellow passengers and a cosmopolitan acquaintance. All who know our traveling companion are familiar with his habit of making friends in a jocund way with potentate or humble citizen, state officials, Kings and plowmen,—for it is with a man of democratic mind that we set forth.

The Nile, ruins and the desert all glow in a new light and then we journey "Back" to the sacred places of history and see what is being done in Palestine. Even the whirr of American machinery, the clatter of the tractor, the raucous voice of the land boom, is not allowed to strike the readers ear too harshly. New meanings and a sense of brotherhood still resentment toward progress.

In retrospect the reader knows that much valuable information, much solid history and vivid description has been delivered to him but that charm has overlaid the tale and a poetic touch of half-forgotten mystic-

ism has permeated the whole,—like hearing soft music in the distance.

Two forms of books have become popular. One, the small volume, of the "tuck-into-your-bag" style; another is the gift book, beautifully constructed like the editions of the early nineties when we laid our books on the living room table for the casual vis-

employment to 480,000 more people even than claimed in the Republican campaign figures which are based upon the first of the year.

It is a complete refutation of unemployment claims and so valuable an index to present prosperity, apart from political considerations that the whole, carefully-pre-



*The Author of "To Bagdad and Back" and Party stop in the Desert for Lunch*

itor to enjoy. Of the latter class is "To Bagdad and Back." It is profusely illustrated with etchings, half tones and colored pages. The cover is a thing of beauty and the color intrigues the interest, for, combined with the title, one feels that old stirring of romanticism when Scheherazade, Ali Baba, Aladdin and the people of gold trapplings, turbans and spices infested our youthful dreams. If so enticed, beyond the cover there is found one of the worth-while books of the year.

\* \* \*

**A** STARTLING up-holding of Republican claims of prosperity and a denial of Democratic claims of employment was given to the editor from the office of one of New York's largest and best organized businesses.

It was the International Business Machine Corporation and T. J. Watson, the president and a former Democrat who could not resist the appeal of Herbert Hoover, called his chief statistician to show the results of a remarkable investigation. The research was made possible by the joint interest of Mr. Watson and the statistician, Eugene F. Hartley, for twenty-five years chief statistician of the manufacturing division of the department of census.

The outstanding finding in the results is that the turn of the year, bringing the figures right up-to-the-minute, has brought

pared and scientifically compiled report is given here:

Governor Smith's statement that there are 4,000,000 persons out of employment in the United States cannot be substantiated by any facts of record, but on account of an interest in having the truth known regarding our present prosperity, Mr. Watson caused to be made in his Statistical Department a calculation which shows that on August 1 there were nearly a half million more persons employed than were employed in January of this year—486,800 to be exact—when the Labor Department estimated that 1,874,050 persons were unemployed. As the month of July is one of layoffs on account of stock taking and adjustments, and affected by vacations, the employment situation is undoubtedly more favorable at this time.

Applying the gains made in manufacturing industries, and railroads since January, 1928, when the Labor Department made its estimate, to the total number of persons working for wages and salaries, 25,222,742, the number of unemployed has dropped to 1,387,250. Stated in terms of percentages and making comparisons with the year 1925, which was a stable year and one in which the country as a whole was canvassed in connection with the Census of Manufactures, 7.43 per cent were out of employment in January, 1928, as compared with 5.5 per cent on August 1. The comparison follows:

	Estimated No. Employed (Wages)	Estimated No. Unemployed (Wages)	Per cent of Decrease
1925	25,222,742		
January, 1928	23,348,692	1,874,050	7.43
July, 1928	23,835,492	1,387,250	5.50

The identical method of calculation was employed in getting at the number out of employment on this date as was used by the Department of Labor in January, as follows: Based on the 1920 Census, it was calculated that in 1925 there were 25,222,742 persons working for wages or salaries out of the 42,000,000 gainfully employed. This figure did not include any persons operating their own business or professions. The calculated number of employees as of January, 1928, was 23,348,692, showing a shrinkage between the two periods of 1,874,050. Using the same base figures, the calculated number of employees as of August 1, 1928, was 23,835,492, or a gain of 486,800.

\* \* \*

In the opinion of some statisticians the method of computation used by the Bureau of Labor Statistics is likely to exaggerate the number of unemployed. This is primarily due to the fact that the figures are based on the monthly employment figures as derived from the Census of Manufactures for 1925. A glance at the Census figures will reveal that there has been a steady decline since 1919 in the number of workers. A considerable amount of this shrinkage is due to Census methods and not to an actual falling off in industrial employment. In 1919 the average number of persons employed in manufacturing during the year was 8,990,000. In 1921 this figure had dropped to 6,938,000. In 1923 it had risen to 8,768,000, and in 1925 the average num-

ber of wage earners employed, 8,384,000. Because the Bureau of the Census has omitted, as a measure of expediency, statistics of automobile repair shops, the apparent shrinkage in industrial workers reported is greater than the facts would war-

rant. The production of motor cars in the United States, especially since 1919, has caused profound changes in our economic and industrial life. The millions of cars that have been manufactured and sold from which reports are made, from the Bureau of Labor Statistics' own statement, are "picked from among the older and larger establishments so as to get a more formidable number of employes for com-



*At the Golden Rule Tea in Jerusalem*

have called for a readjustment of industrial workers. Hundreds of thousands of persons have been drawn from other industries and are employed in automobile repair shops and in other ways maintaining this method of transportation. In 1919 there were 15,500 repair shops reporting 55,000 wage earners included in the Manufactures Census. The number of repair shops is now conservatively estimated at 50,000, employing 200,000 persons.

parative purposes." Naturally the Department of Labor takes only such industries as are found in the Census, and the hundreds of thousands engaged in repairing automobiles and in keeping this means of transportation going are omitted from the comparison.

\* \* \*

**P**RINCE MOZAFFAR FIROUZ of Teheran, Persia, who is the son of His Highness, Prince Firouz, the Persian Minister of Finance, has arrived in Washington, where he is making his headquarters at The Mayflower for an indefinite period. The young Prince, who was educated in England, at Harrow and Cambridge, has rendered distinguished service to his country, both in public works and in justice ministries. He has recently been honored with an appointment to the office of secretary to the Persian Legation in Washington, where he has assumed his duties. Prince Mozaffar Firouz is also in this country on an economic mission, and in discussing this phase of his activities he said in part during an interview in the lounge of The Mayflower: "Persia's unlimited resources, which have hitherto been undeveloped, offer a large scope for American co-operation, capital, and enterprise." Continuing, he said: "The information which has been given regarding Persia's economic resources has in the past probably not been sufficient to properly acquaint the American public with the enormous opportunities and the vast possibilities which Persia offers." In referring to his present incumbency here the Prince said, "I am particularly glad to have come to Washington, both in order to meet and get acquainted with the American people, and it particularly gives me great pleasure to be of service to my country under our distinguished chief, His Excellency Mirza Davoud Khan Meftah, at the Persian Legation in Washington, whose ardent desire and activities for the extension and betterment of the American-Persian relations are so well known."



*The Working Boys' Home in Cairo*

ber of wage earners employed, 8,384,000.

Because the Bureau of the Census has omitted, as a measure of expediency, statistics of automobile repair shops, the apparent shrinkage in industrial workers reported is greater than the facts would war-

In their computations the Department of Labor fails to recognize this industry which employs vast numbers, and which, if used, would show a more nearly consistent number of persons employed in manufacturing industries. The 10,000 establish-

**M**ODERN business, like politics, makes strange bedfellows. And when a railroad constructor, a newspaper writer and a civil engineer combine their efforts and originate a time and labor-saving device for financial institutions which has won unqualified approval, one wonders how it happened.

The railroad builder is John W. Pearson, of Newton, Massachusetts. His son, E. D. Pearson, is the newspaper man. A. Schuyler Clapp, the civil engineer, is the third member of this trio.

Their device is the "Instantaneous Interest Computer," which, while on the market for only a short period, has been so successful that it seems destined to take its place in business beside the typewriter and the adding machine. The "Instantaneous Interest Computer" is a combination mechanical device and book which calculates elapsed time and accrued interest on financial transactions in about one-fifth of the time consumed by the old methods. To the average person who thinks of interest as something to be paid on notes, the time saving of this computer may be seen in the case of one of the country's leading financial institutions. Formerly it took from three to four minutes for expert clerks to figure their interest problems. By use of the "Instantaneous Interest Computer" they have been enabled to cut down the time to approximately fifteen seconds.

In an office in Boston's Copley Square, facing the famous Trinity Church, and not a stone's throw from the great Public Library, the story of this unusual business venture was learned. The originators of the computer told of the birth of the idea, of the various obstacles they faced in its manufacture and of their final success. Mr. Clapp, the engineer, told most of the tale, as the Pearsons, father and son, sat by content with an occasional comment.

"For many years I have been treasurer of the town of Franklin," Clapp began. "My business as such has brought me into contact with many banks and bankers. In arranging for town loans and in my other visits to the bankers, I was surprised at the amount of time taken in figuring interest. I asked some of the bankers about it. They told me they had tried many new methods which would hasten the progress, but as they had found no satisfactory one, they invariably returned to the old-fashioned method."

"One afternoon I told this to the Pearsons. We all agreed that, to the person who could devise a new method to figure these transactions, a great business could be had as well as a great aid which would be performed for the bankers. We thought about the matter for some time. Finally the idea of a circle reading device, similar to the vernier on a transit, came to us. That night at home I went to work on this idea. I put it on paper. Crude as was the original, it worked. The next day we all played with it. We tried this thing and that. A change was made here and a suggestion there. We kept at it until we had a real pattern made."

"But then our troubles had just started. They were many mathematical tables to be worked out for the device. There were the intricate and varied problems of manufacture to be solved. And lastly came the task of marketing our computer, of getting it before the public in the right way. It was during this period that the elder Mr. Pearson

was of real value to us. His son, 'E. D.', and myself could do a great deal of the actual work, but we needed a rudder for the ship, a helmsman who would keep us on the right course. The senior Mr. Pearson was our helmsman. There were many times when things didn't go right; times when we were discouraged and disheartened. At these times 'J. W.' buoyed up our spirits. Then there were days when our thoughts ran away with us. We could see nothing ahead except the golden dawn and probably would have made serious errors through our optimism if 'J. W.' had not brought us back to an even keel and kept our heels on the ground."

"E. D.'s experience in the newspaper game also proved very valuable to us. There was much research work to be done, and the years of training as a reporter enabled him to find the short way to find out these things."

"One by one we met the obstacles as they arose. Singly we took up each problem as they appeared. And finally we emerged and after a period of many months the 'Instantaneous Interest Computer' appeared on the market, a finished product."

Mr. Clapp is a descendant of an old Massachusetts family. Schooled in Boston, he entered the service of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad construction department. Later he engaged in the civil engineering business for himself. He is a former member of the Massachusetts legislature and still serves his home town of Franklin as Treasurer.

John W. Pearson was born in Webster, N. H., Graduating from Lawrence Academy in 1879 and Dartmouth College four



Scene from "Lava", Frederic Zeigen's Novel of the Career of a Fighting Pastor.

years later, he then entered the employ of the Old Colony Railroad engineering department. The railroad claimed his services for forty years, then he retired to enter the contracting business. Many important construction projects on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, lessors of the Old Colony, have been built under his supervision.

His son, E. D. Pearson, was educated at Boston Latin School and the Newton, Mass.,

High School. During the World War he was engaged in the construction of the Scituate Proving Grounds, entering the newspaper profession after the Armistice. He served on the *Boston Globe*, *Boston Advertiser*, and papers in New York City and Pennsylvania.

Like the three musketeers of fiction, this trio was necessary to each other. The financial experience of Clapp, the keen business judgment of the elder Pearson and the experience gleaned from the "Fourth Estate" by his son, all combined to perfect the "Instantaneous Interest Computer." Many years ago Jonathan Swift wrote, "Invention is the talent of youth and the judgment of age." The story of the "Instantaneous Interest Computer" proves it.

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A RICH fund of enjoyable dry Yankee humor characterizes "Folks Is Folks" by John Henry Bartlett, who, besides the modest title of author, boasts such ostentatious ones as former Governor of New Hampshire, former President of the Civil Service Commission, and present First Assistant Postmaster General of the United States.

"Odd expressions, strange customs, queer habits, and eccentric characters remain longest in one's memory," he says in the preface to his little book about homely life in old New England. He writes in a style that is suggestive of Arthur Brisbane and the Hoosier philosopher, Abe Martin, with many of the best characteristics of both. Pathos as well as humor has its place in his writings of everyday life. It is a well-rounded little volume, well worth reading and keeping close at hand for one's own enjoyment.

\* \* \*

FROM the pen of a business man, poet, and educator we have in "Lava" a thrilling novel depicting the struggles of a fighting preacher, whose fight against hypocrisy and socialism is a tale well worth reading. Downing, the pastor, knew life in all its phases, having worked as a laborer in the mills. He was well educated and a keen student, but did not overlook the necessity of being physically fit for a job that called for strength of body, mind and character.

His job was to clean out the dry rot from the church board, and stem the tide of socialism raged in his city. Anarchy reached a boiling point and even the Church was bombed. Only Downing's ability to hand out a real right-hand wallop saved him from death on several occasions. It was the courage of a real he-man that made him wade right into the middle of the fight, whether it was a moral issue or a physical encounter. His ability and pluck finally won out, and his Church resumed a normal level, and began to accomplish its real purpose.

"Lava" is a daring novel and tells a real story. It is full of thrills, fire bombings and fights, but finally attains its object, real Christianity and brotherly love.

Frederic Zeigen, the author, is well-known as a writer, poet, and lecturer. He is one of the founders and present managing regent of the University of Miami. For three terms he was president of the Michigan Author's Association.

# "Down to Egypt" on an Excursion Ticket

*The balmy breezes of Alexandria, a seashore resort since Marc Antony's time—Bits of history and tradition—A reception at the Royal Palace—On to Cairo down the gleaming Nile*

[From Joe Mitchell Chapple's new book "To Bagdad and Back"]

LIKE Napoleon and the later phalanx of travelers on pleasure or conquest bent, I entered Egypt through the ancient port of Alexandria. My first glimpse of the land of the Pharaohs reminded me of Coney Island. There was a stretch of sand void of trees or vegetation. Then came a row of flat-roofed houses. Behind it all the deep blue of the Nile—a typical Maxfield Parrish or Guerin color, recalling also the illustrations usually accompanying the Mediterranean Cruise folders and posters. Back of the sand bar were the salt works, which have probably been in operation since the time of Moses.

With balmy breezes sweeping the Mediterranean, Alexandria has been a seaside resort since long before the time of Marc Antony. It is the summer capital of Egypt, as all of the officials reside and transact official business here six months of the year. Contrary to the popular belief, Alexander neither founded nor destroyed St. John's library at Alexandria. His lifetime was all too short for the vast amount of work put into it and he killed himself at Babylon at the age of thirty-three. He had as little to do with that ancient library as had Andrew Carnegie. The destruction of this storehouse of history blotted out a chronicle of events which is now only suggested by excavations.

The library was founded by Ptolemy V, ancestor of Cleopatra; its librarian being a learned monk named Manitho, who collated all that was known of the history of Egypt from the earliest times. It was partly destroyed by accident in the clash between the armies of Caesar and Pompey and contained 440,000 manuscripts at the time when it was totally destroyed by the Saracens in the fourth century.

This sacking and pillage of Alexandria at the time when it was one of the greatest centers of ancient learning is the outstanding crime of all vandals.

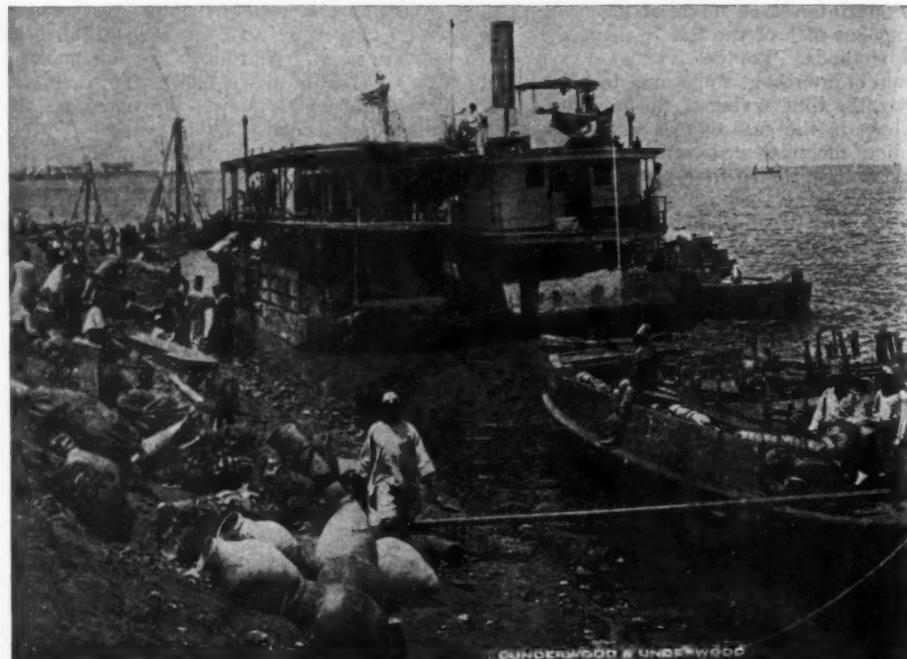
It was at Rosetta fortunately that the Rosetta stone was discovered. On one side it had an inscription in hieroglyphics and on the other the great translation. Without this key it is doubtful if the picture writing of Egypt would have ever been solved. The stone is preserved in the British Museum.

The harbor, filled with shipping from all parts of the world, indicated that Alexandria is a port of call for vessels passing through the Suez Canal. A variety of flags fluttered in the breeze from the mastheads. The Union Jack snapped beside the flag of France and the Egyptian standard—a field of green emblematic of the

Nile and Mecca, which, with its crescent and three stars, was the dominant ensign that day.

On our ship were a number of British

Jehia Ibrahim Pasha, a former Prime Minister of Egypt. A slender, serious-looking man, with a brown mustache, he resembled in appearance our own Elihu



A Modern Nile Steamer, Loading

officers returning to their posts in Egypt and the Far and Near East, after a holiday in England. During the long years away from home they dream of the time when they will return to the tight little Isle for a life of leisure well earned and live the life of a country gentleman.

The British Colonial officer is a class unto himself. British among the British, he would go without eating if not properly dressed for dinner; he "has his tub," eats marmalade with his tea; smokes an evil-smelling pipe, and will not swerve a jot or tittle from his Scotch and soda or English traditions. The puggaree helmet he carries with his luggage serves to identify him. Looking forward to "the compensation" he is supposed to receive when the British officials retire from Egypt, he faces the future complacently.

There was a confusion of languages and an apparent aimless running to and fro in the process of landing, which was then in charge of the Egyptian officials. The steady influence of the British protector seemed to be lacking.

A fellow-passenger on the steamer was

Root. A judge of the Egyptian higher courts for many years, he is famed for his erudite decisions. Considered somewhat old fashioned by the Nationalist element of the country, led by the students, he was retired because of his conservatism. In conversation he did not refer to his former exalted position or to the troubled affairs of the nation, except to comment smilingly: "I was dismissed." He manifested a great interest in Chief Justice Taft, to whom he referred as "a brother jurist." He considered Harding and Coolidge as examples of the cool-headed leadership required in the world in these times. Speaking of the attitude of his people toward the great American leaders:

"We always remember," he said, "the time when Theodore Roosevelt was in Egypt and gathered impressions and information that led to the speech in England that awakened sleeping statesmen with a jolt. That was the beginning of the revival of memory concerning Egyptian rights under the treaty of 1882—not forgotten after the World War."

Friends and supporters came to greet

the former Prime Minister. Coming aboard ship, they advanced and kissed his hand, while opposing Nationalists looked on with respect, for Jehia Pasha was counted one of the level-headed and firm-minded

"Long live King Fuad." The municipal buildings were festooned with lights. Near the French Consulate, for the French influence of Suez days is still reflected in Egypt, a marquee had been con-

waste under the shadow of Cleopatra's monument. The development of the crescent boulevard, together with the demand for lots beside it, boosted the price of land, like a Florida boom, to such an extent that the U. S. A. felt unable to purchase land for a consulate "within the appropriation."

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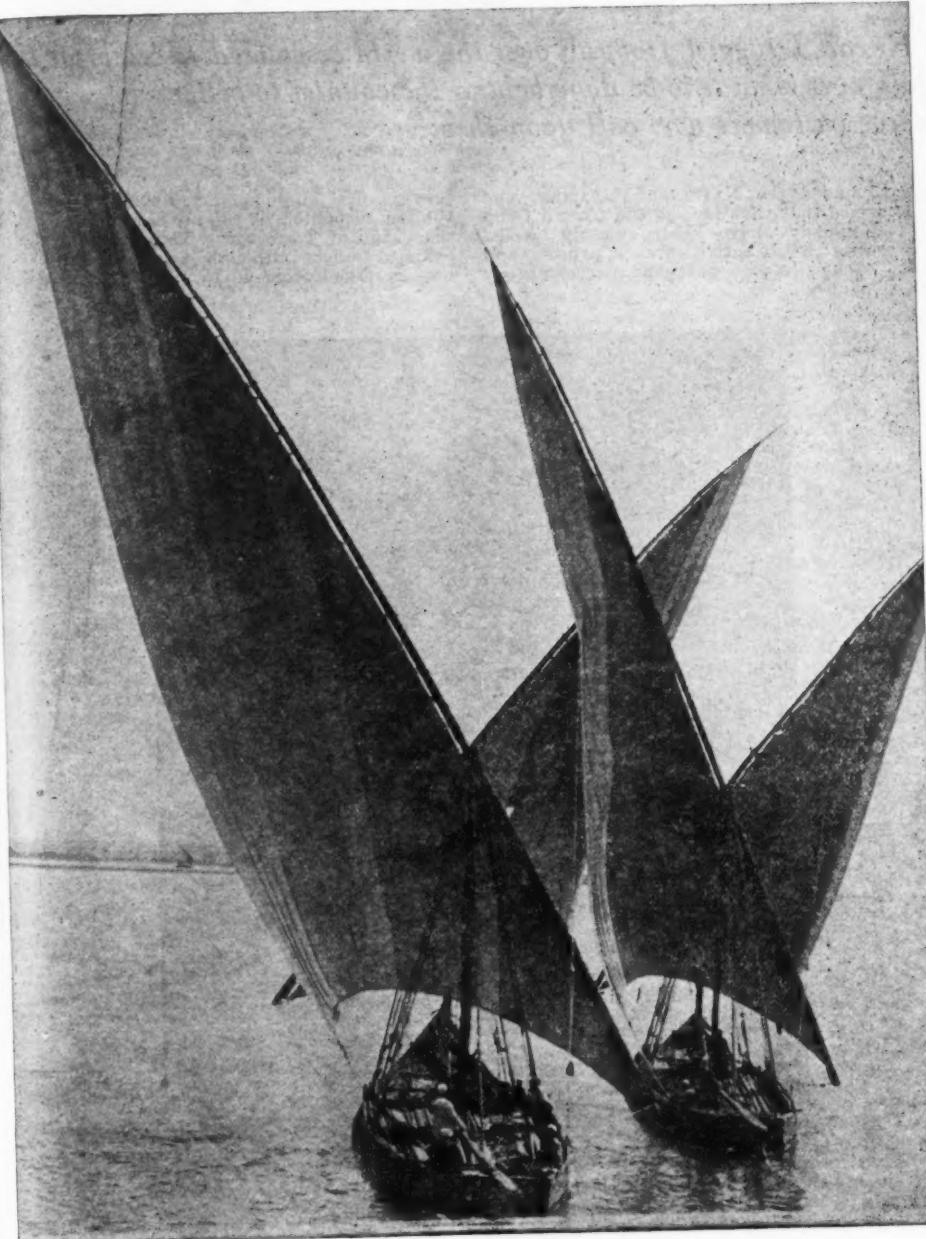
Holiday crowds are much the same the world over, but in Egypt the merriment of the American crowds and mobilized good nature was woefully lacking. Vendors of sweets and drinks were moving slowly among the crowds with their large brass pots, singing out the virtues of "Eat, drink, and be merry." The fast moving Spanish game, "Jailai" was being played, to give money a chance to change hands, as in the old racing days at Sheepshead Bay. Everyone was looking for a thrill on this carnival day in old Alexandria.

Sheiks and "fellaheen," or farmers, arrived to make a real visit with the king and his officials during their summer outing. The royal reception was held in the former palace of the Khedive, built at the time of the opening of the Suez Canal, when Verdi, the Italian composer, was paid a prize of \$75,000 by the ruler to write an opera commemorating the historical traditions of Egypt. The result was "Aida," which has immortalized Egypt in operatic classics.

Carriages and automobiles moved toward the grounds of the palace through the din and squalor of the city streets. Vistas of Oriental balconies made it seem like an opera setting. At Heliopolis there was a sharp contrast to the scenes left behind. Gone was the darkness of alley and by-way, and in its place was the blaze of royal splendor. Bands played while regiments of Egyptian soldiers in picturesque uniforms and queer, tall, red fezzes paraded the spacious palace grounds. At intervals the soldiers about the palace would lift their voices in chanting praise of their ruler, while the cry "Long live the King!" echoed and re-echoed through the palace grounds when the bands stopped playing. As we came upon the scene, the leader, recognizing us as Americans, broke into the chorus of rag-time jazzy "blues."

In the great reception room behind the elaborate iron grill work partition, the King and Queen received their guests, who gathered on an enormous and luxurious red rug. The diplomats, representing many nations, were there in a gorgeous array of uniforms and medals.

After the guests inscribed their names on a register made of vellum, one of my Egyptian companions said: "Now the king will know who are his friends." Coffee was served as the line proceeded from room to room. Before advancing to the royal presence on this hot, sultry day, the guests washed their hands and bathed their faces in scented water, and the reception room was filled with the mingled odors of "Araby the Blest," and reminded the American visitor of a highly seasoned beauty shop on Broadway. In company with the brother of the queen, I made my



*Picturesque Nile Boats, Unchanged in Centuries*

leaders by the opposition. His former Secretary of Agriculture, Medames, who was the "Copt" or Christian representative in his Cabinet, was with him, a stalwart real "dirt" farmer, wide between the eyes, with the strong hands and jaw of a John L. Sullivan.

In the historic palace of the Khedive, the anniversary of the ascension of King Fuad was to be commemorated that day. Alexandria expended \$40,000 for decorations and illuminations in honor of their king. Already the boulevards began to take on the holiday dress of Luna Park. Gardens, squares and quays were ablaze with Egyptian flags and banners reading:

structed for the reception of the visitors. Four kiosks for music and an equal number of temporary but artistic triumphal arches recalled the splendor of the World's Fair in St. Louis, and the Conference for the Limitation of Armament held at Washington in 1921. Private business houses and residences of the city were draped in what seemed to an American a radiant Fourth of July regalia. Even the red lemonade of circus fame was not lacking.

The development of Alexandria under British stimulation has greatly enhanced the value of the sandy beach which, until the English took control, had remained a

*Continued on page 93*

# Focusing Ideas "In Conventions Assembled"

*In Symphony Hall, Boston, the Rexall Druggist from all over the world assembled to celebrate the Silver Jubilee and talk over what is to be done behind the counter to better serve customers who call upon them*

FROM the ancient of days there has been a friendly interest in the old apothecary shop—known in later times as the "corner drug store," a meeting place of the community, whether hamlet, village, town, or city, in the life of America.

When Louis K. Liggett conceived the idea of brushing the cobwebs away and let in the light to the dark corners of the prescription cabinet and make a drug store a real institution, he foreshadowed the trend of the times.

The Rexall Silver Jubilee observed in Boston was the largest gathering of druggists ever known. It was more than a convention; it marked the beginning of another era of twenty-five years of history. The meetings were held in Symphony Hall and the exhibits in Horticultural Hall, and cultured Boston looked on in amazement as to what had been accomplished in the short quarter century. The deliberations would have done honor to any legislative body because they dealt with customers, close to the interest and heart of the people.

At the suggestion of many of the delegates Mr. Chapple's address at Symphony Hall is here given in full, with comment by the editor of *Rexall Ad-Vantages*, the organization's national magazine, so ably directed by Walter Jones Willson.

It was eminently fitting that the final address of the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of a Company which manifests in all its relations with the public and with its members a higher degree of altruism than is to be found in any other organization in the world, should be delivered by a man who is himself an idealist and who, perceiving beneath the materiality of business its beauty and romance, has the happy faculty of expressing that beauty and romance in poetic prose.

Mr. Chapple is the Editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, the compiler and publisher of the famous books, Heart Throbs and Heart Songs, and author of the popular travel books, Vivid Spain, and Bagdad and Back. He is a publicist, traveler, lecturer, journalist, essayist and novelist, and doubtless has a personal acquaintance with more prominent personages throughout the world than any other man in public life.

In introducing the speaker, President Liggett said:

"Joe Chapple is an old friend of the United Drug Company. I first knew him in the Vinol days when he was editing a newspaper in Northern Wisconsin. I called at his office to place an advertising contract for Vinol. Some years later Mr. Chapple came to Boston and

founded the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and since that time he and the United Drug Company have been closely allied through his activities as a printer, and he has become part and parcel of our

for the first time upon a Rexall Convention, inspirited, as you are today, with the vision of Tomorrow. You have not changed much, although your number has increased from 40 to 10,000. Rex-



LOUIS K. LIGGETT  
President-Founder of the United Drug Company

Organization. For friendship, loyalty and confidence in the United Drug Company, I place no man above Joe Chapple, and he has the rare ability to voice those higher aspirations of the human heart of which we are all conscious, but cannot express.

#### HEART THROBS IN BUSINESS

By Joe Mitchell Chapple, Editor of The National Magazine, and Author of Vivid Spain and Bagdad and Back

As I sat here today I have realized some of the dreams of my life. For many years I have attended all sorts of conventions. But sweet and tender are the memories of the days when I looked

allites may grow a little riper, but they never grow old.

Although I have witnessed the deliberations of world parliaments, including those of Germany, England, France, Egypt and Persia, I have never looked upon a gathering of men who have discussed their problems as thoroughly as you have considered the interests of your constituents, the customers of the Rexall Stores. Furthermore, you have legislated more directly in the interests of the American home than do elective assemblages. Your predominant thought has been Service. The word Service comes from the Latin, and means "to preserve", and you have preserved an ideal embodying the very fundamental principles of that Republic to which

yesterday you rendered tribute at Plymouth Rock.

Speaking of Latin, I must admit that I am not a Latin scholar. Save for the conjugation, "amo, amas, amat," remembered from my courtship days, the only Latin words I know that are appropriate to these piping times are "aurora borealis" and "delirium tremens."

\* \* \*

This Convention has the aspects of a great family gathering. You have had with you the man who for many years, often under great difficulties, has steadfastly upheld the ideals which have flowered in the Rexall Organization. The qualities of leadership which he possesses, and I say this without fear of being challenged, are unparalleled by those of any other living American!

At Horticultural Hall I saw the bewitching exhibits of your controlled products, and they made me wish that I were a Rexall Druggist that I might use a United Drug Company order blank. Someone generously sprayed me with perfume and asked me to suggest a name for the new creation. I said, "Call it 'Follow Me,' for its fragrance is provocative." These exhibits exemplify in a marked degree the new impulse to beauty which is evident in modern business, and which is best revealed in the windows and interior displays of the Rexall Stores.

The walls of Symphony Hall still echo the rollicking laughter evoked by our friend Will Rogers. When he came down center stage with that chewing gesture of his, and told how the dignified Charles Evans Hughes "parted his whiskers" and plunged into that cocktail, he brought down the house. And under the veil of his rare humor, Mr. Rogers touched on many phases of the philosophy of business.

\* \* \*

What is business? It is just as creative, and may be just as idealistic, as literature or any other work of art. But its ideals are checked up by the cash register, and so it must keep close to the minds of the people. You are building a business, for what? For your family. In the Rexall Family we find Louis K. Liggett and his son, and this afternoon we heard the son of H. L. Simpson, the masterful General Sales Manager of the United Drug Company. And doubtless many of you have been thinking how wonderful it would be to have your son join with you in perpetuating Rexall Ideals. If I could only pull back the curtain of futurity and show you, as it appears to me, the vision of what will come to pass in the next twenty-five years, when your boys and girls have crossed the threshold of the glorious Tomorrow!

It is coming, for the era of universal and enduring peace is at hand. Our boys who sleep overseas did not die in vain. France can never grow flowers enough adequately to adorn the graves of those who made the supreme sacrifice. The World War brought to full fruition the flower of friendship between nations, bringing realization of the fact that prosperity must come with peace and fraternity. In all the sessions which I have attended with you, I have not heard one of the 4,000 Rexallites—the largest gathering of druggists in the world—say an ill word against a brother-Rexallite. Yours is the spirit of amity which is expressed in the Peace Pact to be signed in Paris, through which the great civilized nations will renounce war

as a national policy, thus engrossing on parchment the Ideal that is already written in the heart of the world.

For what does the world need? Only friendliness! In diplomatic wrangles, in acute situations, a smile of understanding would soon dissipate the clouds of doubt and distrust. As Elihu Root told me not two weeks ago, eighty per cent of the litigation that fills the dockets of the courts comes from temper and vanity. What other organization ever held a convention like this, in which has appeared not one spark of temper, not one trace of vanity?

I have heard at this Convention discussions of business problems that would put to shame some of the philosophers of the old world, for theirs is the wisdom of the study and the cloister, while you have learned life in heart-to-heart contact with humanity. Even at your feasts—I too am a member of the Rexall Eating Association—I have found, in addition to calories and vitamines, nourishment for heart and mind in your friendliness and spirit of play which augur well for the future of this Organization.

A year ago, under the leaden skies of a September afternoon, I passed through the gate of David in old Jerusalem. I walked down those old steps, with squalor on every side, and saw the nooks and crannies called shops. Oh, if you could only compare those scenes with our American streets gleaming with brightness and the welcome of show windows, inviting patrons to every store!

\* \* \*

And then I passed through that murky tunnel on my hands and knees, guided by the light of a sputtering candle, and at last, in the spirit of humility, touched with my hand the very spot where stood the Cross that brought the message of manhood and of mercy for which the world was waiting two thousand years ago. Not far from that spot was the site of the house in which Christ broke bread with His disciples, and, looking into their faces, gave them the great message which was destined to change the whole course of human history.

These thoughts are brought to mind by your Convention. You have broken bread together; you have looked into one another's faces; you have heard sweet words of greeting, and you have heard the very beating of a friendly heart. The Rexall Fraternity was the first organization in the world to break bread in friendly gatherings, for it antedates the Rotary Club, Exchange, Kiwanis, and those other clubs whose members break bread together. That sacrament transcends all the rituals of the church, for it is the sacrament of friendship, and Christ it was who called man "friend"! And there is eloquence in that word!

During this Convention you have looked upon scenes associated with the early history of this Republic; you have paused on Lexington Green; you have crossed the bridge where the embattled farmers stood four-square to the world, as you have stood in the upbuilding of the United Drug Company. Last night you looked with loving eyes upon the stone on which the Pilgrims landed. And the roses that bloomed in Plymouth were reminders of the blush on the cheek of Priscilla, when she turned to the man she loved, saying, "Prithee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?"

It was a privilege, Mr. Liggett, to wear the badge that is emblazoned with the blue of Rexall! I look upon you gathered here as a family, recognizing that we are kith and kin; that there is something closer than the dollar mark;

that you are seated under the folds of the Flag that is glorious in the hope of Tomorrow, for Old Glory has become the flag of friendship to the nations of the world.

\* \* \*

In far-off Mesopotamia with its hoary traditions; in the scattered dust of the Euphrates and the Tigris, where a civilization has crumbled; in old Bagdad, built seven times and buried seven times, the one failure of the peoples of the Old World was that they progressed by armed force and conquered by destroying. Under the folds of Old Glory the creed is not to destroy—it is to build, and build, and build.

When in Cuba with Will Rogers, I saw this ideal fulfilled. At that eventful Pan-American Congress with its flag of a single star, a flag that had sprung full-panoplied out of the folds of Old Glory, the Cuban Congress passed a resolution that gave to the widow of the late General Leonard Wood a pension of \$10,000 a year, even before such recognition was accorded to him by his own country. They also plan a monument to Leonard Wood that will express the gratitude of Cuba Libre for what America has done for the new republic.

In the far-off Philippines, in the far-off Orient, in the backwash of the centuries, we found ourselves in the new world, with a new ideal that has come with the development of business, as the basis of relations between peoples.

That story told by Mr. Byers of the Rexall brother, who when his little ones were cold in death, and his business destroyed, found solace in the outreaching heart of Rexallism, was to me a picture that I shall ever cherish in my memory.

I think, too, of the honorary degrees which you have, in effect, conferred in your award of prizes. Cornell University gave me a college degree; M.A., I think it was. When I came down the center of the stage, in a cap and gown loaned me by a little woman present, the people began to smile. It looked as if I had on a bathing suit. When I was handed the scroll, I turned to the faculty with thoughts of the old days.

"This is not", I said, "the degree I sought." The faculty and trustees turned in amazement. "What did the fool want, a D.D. or an LL.D.?" "No, this is not the degree I sought. I appreciate it, though most of the Latin I cannot read. But the degree I have sought ever since I passed the portals of old Cornell and watched the town pump evolve into the hydrant, and Lovers' Lane lose its witchery with the coming of electric lights; the degree I have sought is not M.A. It is M.A.N." When the world can point to Joe Chapple and say, "There is a man," in the measureless sense of the word, it will not require parchment and purple ribbons, and a Latin inscription which I cannot read, to appraise men of the fact.

Those three letters mean much to me and I have thought of them as I mingled with you day after day. Permit me to confer that degree upon you this afternoon:

M. for Masterliness. You cannot be a success unless you are a master of something, though it be only a peanut roaster. How about your own business?

A. for Acquaintance. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" By coming here you have recruited a new acquaintance, which will soon mellow into the old acquaintance of the morrow.

N. What for N? Oh, I have it! N is for Natural. You have all been Natural at this Convention, and Naturalness is a supreme quality in life. There has been none of that upstage lording it over

others, or the secretive leadership of cliques found in political conventions. It has been one of the greatest demonstrations of democracy I have ever looked on, because you have had a Leader who has been one of you, and has worked with you, truly exemplifying that word, Naturalness.

\* \* \*

When I wanted to enter public service, I asked John Hay, "Where shall I study for a diplomatic career?" He replied, "Do not study. Just be yourself." The greatest thing in the world is being yourself. That lesson served me well when I spoke in Rome, eternal city of the seven hills. The audience was Italian. They couldn't understand word I said. When they called me to the stage, I looked at that great throng with some hesitation, yet I did not feel a stranger, because over the chair was an American Flag, and I looked at that Flag and said, "Hello! The stars are upside down." I put the stars aloft, sat down, crossed my legs, and tried to look important.

They spoke in seven languages. It is a great thing to look intelligent, whether you are or not. They seemed to say among themselves, "That fat man from Boston understands seven languages. Hear him cheer."

When they called on me, a lump came in my throat as I thought, "What am I going to say? They can't understand me." Then I remembered my old days in school when I stood on the rostrum and the teacher rehearsed me in reciting Marc Anthony's oration. Here I was in Rome. In fancy, I threw the toga over my shoulder, came down stage, looked and felt like a Roman Senator at large. I cleared my throat, and in stentorian tones exclaimed, "Friends, Romans and compatriots all!" That will keep them quiet for a while until I get started, thought I, struggling for the next sentence. Then I continued, "President Wilson, Americano!" They understood and applauded. "Lloyd George, Britannia," I shouted, like an auctioneer, as I pointed to the box where sat the British Ambassador. That was the only applause he received that day. Even after he had disdainfully refused to recognize me, I could not resist doing him a good turn.

Things were going fine, but I wondered what I could say when I ran out of names, for I realized that I must wind up somehow with a "Viva". That's the

trouble with many conventions — the speakers fail to "Viva", which means that you must cease talking. George Cohan hasn't anything on me as a flag-waver. I just seized the Stars and Stripes and shouted, my voice ringing out over old Palatine Hill and rattling the ruins of the Forum and the Coliseum, as it carried the finale, "Viva, Italia." I thought a mob had broken loose. And when I shouted, "Viva, America," I again waved the flag, and the band struck up the Star Spangled Banner. Thousands of Italians arose in Imperial Rome, in the city where the Caesars ruled, to pay tribute to "your flag and my flag". They began to sing. I didn't know all the words of the Star Spangled Banner, but I "rump-te-dummed" as best I could, and they thought I was singing.

Next morning I met Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page at the American Embassy. He looked at me quizzically and said, "Joe, that fervid and frothy Fourth of July oratory of yours has been translated and printed and cabled to the United States. God knows why, but they think you are somebody over here. You have been taken as an emissary of the President of the U. S. A. You will have to get out of the country quick, or you will be somebody."

\* \* \*

As I passed out, he waved his hand with a Shakespearean gesture, "My Lord, the carriage awaits!" Down the broad stairs of the Embassy, I saw a Ford limousine in which was a man with one eye. It was Senator Marconi, inventor of the wireless, who brought to you and me the irrepressible radio. With him was the little D'Annunzio, the poet and patriot, covered with medals and a big cap. I looked at him and he had only one eye. Then I looked at the chauffeur, and even he had but one eye. To myself, I said, "I am going to see Rome tonight with three one-eyed men. But believe me, I saw some things ere the dawn of another day.

We went out amid the vine-clad hills, where Vesuvius and Aetna belched forth their flames. And Marconi said, "The time is coming (this was during the war) when your America will have its wireless in every home, as it has the telephone." The radio reaches the very deeps and topmost heights of the earth.

This is the radio that has brought us together; the radio that travels 186,000 miles a second, ten times around the earth while you snap your fingers. The Voice of the air is singing the carols of Peace. It is bringing the household almost as close to your Rexall Store as the corner store of Ike James in old LaPorte, "out where the tall corn grows", was to the Main Street barber shop. That little old drug store was the village divan where folks gathered to talk it all over.

As long as the other presidential candidate was honorably mentioned this afternoon, I shall speak of a Quaker lad who once caught bullheads in the creek; one who was born and reared in old Iowa, in a friendly community of the sort from whence come the legions of Rexall customers all over the world. That lad, Herbert Hoover, knew his corner drug store, he had heard public questions discussed by the pioneers, and was even then in training to become the Republican candidate for President of the United States.

\* \* \*

Turn back the pages of memory in the years to come, and you will find, illumined in letters of silver hue, the merry remembrances of these four days. Everything we do is for a memory. Here is hoping that you will win profits and happiness in the Golden Era into which we are passing. When you come back to Boston to celebrate the Golden Anniversary of Rexall — "king over all" — the United Drug Company will have become the greatest business organization in the world. In the serenity of a ripe and contented old age, you will again enjoy a Rexall "royal good time", when the onward march of America shall have brought our beloved country closer to the ideal of a land without poverty, abiding in the radiance of peace, prosperity and universal friendliness.

By reason of his rare eloquence and felicity in evoking the past, his never-failing optimism and altruism; and his appeal to all that is truest and best in human nature, Mr. Chapple held the attention of his auditors, who, at the close of his talk, signified by prolonged applause, their recognition of him as one who, though engaged in a different life work, is in spirit essentially a Rexallite.

## Nation Honors Edison and His Genius

*Continued from page 61*

"Beside his achievement as a great inventor, Mr. Edison is also entitled to rank as one of the pioneer discoverers in pure science as well. During his early investigations with his carbon filament lamp he discovered that a current of negative electricity would flow from the filament across the surrounding vacuous space, through the warm glass bulb to a metal foil wrapped around the outside of the bulb. This phenomenon received the name of the 'Edison effect.' The subsequent investigations of Professor O. W. Richardson in the laboratory at Princeton led to an explanation of this phenomenon and to a thorough description of its relations with other electrical phenomena. The practical applications of this 'Edison effect' are to be found in the radio tubes which are responsible for the modern developments in wireless and long distance telephony and in the Tungar rectifier which is used for charging automobile batteries.

"It is interesting to note also that Mr. Edison's discoveries as well as inventions in his own laboratory have been of incalculable advantage and suggestion to the men working in the field of pure science. He has applied science with a number of its most important instruments of research and many of the discoveries which Mr. Edison has turned to practical account have turned out to be fruitless fields of investigation for pure scientific investigation. Mr. Edison is therefore the prophet of light and power, not only to the industrial world but to that of pure science as well.

\* \* \*

"It was my privilege to speak at the unveiling of the monument in honor of Mr. Edison on the site of the old Menlo Park Laboratory. At that time I concluded my address as follows: 'As my mind dwells upon the researches and achievements of Mr. Edison, I am reminded of Hegel's apostrophe to

the infinite possibilities of the human mind: We cannot esteem too highly the greatness, and the power of the human spirit; nature can withhold none of her secrets from the determined attack of the inquiring mind, but is compelled to reveal her richest treasures and her deepest depths and disclose them before the eyes of him who seeks to understand, ready for his use and according to his will.'

\* \* \*

"When I had finished Mr. Edison asked me to show him the slip of paper upon which I had written the quotation from Hegel. On it he wrote as follows: 'Hibben: The trouble is that most people don't know this. They will not try to bring out the enormous capacity of the brain,' signed 'Thomas A. Edison.' 'The enormous capacity of the brain' we tonight gratefully recognize with a feeling of awe akin to reverence."

## A Critic Who "Knows His Books"

Out in the little town of Dover, Mr. Minot finds relaxation from editorial work, beautifying the attractive grounds of his home which happily resembles the sequestered and Colonial homes of Belgrade,—a spot which he will always call "home,"—where six generations of Minots have lived on the homestead, having migrated there from Old Concord shortly after the Revolution. Maine men are notably loyal to the old State and Mr. Minot is no exception. In the affiliation with Bowdoin, he still is glad to hold the threads which draw him back. Since 1913 he has served on the Board of Overseers and is president of the Boston Alumni Association.

"Sport Diversions?" I asked that because Mr. Minot's "aliveness" presupposes an interest in such, but he shook his head. "My two-year-old gives me all the diversion I need. Since my year in France in 1918-19 nothing has been so exciting or wonderful as John Hallowell Minot and he figures so much in my life I fear book reviews and lecture engagements slip back into second place."

Mr. Minot's verse has a singular sweetness and melody of versification. He leaves a poetic thought, sometimes, to be interpreted by the reader in his own way, but there is a directness and ease that characterizes his poems,—a quality that makes them stick in the mind. Such is his "Sword of Arthur."

### THE SWORD OF ARTHUR

A castle stands in Yorkshire  
(Oh, the hill is fair and green!)  
And far beneath it lies a cave  
No living man has seen.



*John Clair Minot and His Son at Their Home in Dover, Mass.*

Upon a couch of crystal  
(Oh, heart be pure and strong!)  
He saw the King, and, close beside,  
The armoured knights a throng.

And all of them were sleeping  
(Praise God, who sendeth rest!)  
The sleep that comes when strife is done  
And ended every quest.

*Continued from page 70*

Beside the good King Arthur,  
(How high is your desire?)  
His sword within its scabbard lay,  
The sword with blade of fire.

Now had the peasant known it,  
(Oh, if we all could know!)  
He should have drawn that wondrous blade  
Before he turned to go.

If but his hand had touched it  
(The sword is waiting still!)  
He would have felt in every vein  
A lofty purpose thrill.

If but his hand had drawn it  
(The sword still lieth there!)  
A kingly way he would have walked  
Wherever he might fare.

But no; he fled affrighted  
(Oh, pitiful the cost!)  
And then he knew; but lo! the way  
Into the cave was lost.

He searched forever after  
(All this was long ago!)  
But nevermore that crystal cave  
His eager eyes could know.

Pray God ye have the vision  
(Oh, search in every land!)  
To seize the sword that Arthur bore  
When it lies at your hand.

John Clair Minot.

## The Spirit of Genius Lives On

*Continued from page 69*

daily, and the Yates Field well of 60,000 barrels daily on the Kansas City Southern Railroad and the Orient Railroad.

Stilwell organized and established many other enterprises including the Guardian Trust Company of Kansas City; Kansas City Southern Belt Railroad; The Central Coal & Coke Company; the Joplin Zinc Mine Co.; Port Arthur Rice & Irrigation Co.; and numerous timber and land syndicates.

Stilwell's faith in himself was as boundless as it was modest. At fifteen he amazed his parents by telling them one afternoon on his return from school, that he had just met the girl he would make his wife when he became nineteen. He did and the New York *Sun* of September 26, reported that Mrs. Stilwell, who was Miss Jennie A. Wood, survived him after forty-nine years of blissful married companionship. Supernatural? No. Spiritualist? No. Psychology? Yes—doing what you know you want to do.

Ten days before his death Mr. Stilwell told the writer, "I was and am a dreamer, thank God for that. I always will be."

A favorite reply of Stilwell's to the hackneyed statement "Times have changed" was "Yes, times have changed, thank God."

Arthur E. Stilwell was called the last of the great Empire Builders but he is more than that. True, he ranked with Harriman, Vanderbilt, Huntington and the other master builders of America in achievement. But he left a legacy unmatched by any of his colleagues, lighted the pathway of progress by living the gospel of psychology.

Of his material legacies, perhaps the greatest is a corporation he sponsored and inspired in the latter years of his life, the American Patents Development Corporation.

\* \* \*

The last years of Stilwell's life were spent in the construction of what he terms to be the greatest of all his enterprises; an investment trust. Not the usual investment trust with a fixed type of security, but an investment trust made up of patents of various kinds. His last business activity was the creation of the American Patents Development Corporation, about which he surrounded probably the greatest Board of Directors ever assembled in one enterprise, composed of business executives, engineers, capitalists, etc. And as the American Patents Development Corporation may prosper and reach the great heights that Stilwell

hoped for, its ultimate success can be laid to one of Stilwell's dreams or hunches.

This last work of Stilwell's (the American Patents Development Corporation), is destined to live in the minds of the public for years and years to come. The field that has been opened up for this company is one that is untouched by commerce today. This company paves the way for the development, the marketing, and the exploitation of any new device, patent, process or enterprise.

Stilwell realized that the progress made during the last century was based entirely upon the accomplishments and achievements in the patent development field. When one thinks of the radio, telephone, automobile, television, etc., one realizes that were it not for these great accomplishments, the country would not have prospered as it has. Our daily maintenance is dependent on the progress that has been made in scientific developments and 90% of the entire wealth of this country has been derived from scientific research.

It is little wonder that Stilwell prophesied a great dream in the development of a patent company, and it must have been the wish of his Creator to allow him to live to



Sunset on the Desert.

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## "I LIKE IT"

*What more can be said of any magazine than this?*

—"Yes sir, we certainly like it."  
—"I do not want to miss a single number."  
—"I enjoy every feature."  
—"The National is all right."  
—"I enjoy it more than any other."  
—"Everything written by Joe Chapple attracts me."  
—"Your magazine is good."  
—"I like your sketches of public men."  
—"The National is just perfect."

**NATIONAL MAGAZINE READ BY THE NATION**

\$3.00 Per Year      By the Copy, 25c

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

see this last enterprise of his on the threshold of prosperity. Before his passing he had the joy to see brought into his company and developed to a point of substantiality, such great enterprises so necessary to the economic life of a nation, "Dry Ice" "Kolumbus" Coke Separator, Neon Light, Television Tubes, Paint Compounds, etc., etc.

The American Patent Development Corporation is writing a new chapter in the history of American finance as the first investment trust in the patent field. As a holding corporation it has the factor of safety in that its controlled corporations cover many diversified industries while its income is derived from royalties and ownership in such successful companies as Dry Ice Corporation of America, The Neon Corporation of America, Mount Royal Coke Corporation of Canada, National Dalite Corporation, Mixol Mfg. Corporation, Harwell Rubber Company and the Stilwell Kortbaty Homes Corporation. In addition it is understood the corporation is negotiating for several other nationally known patented products.

Through its ownership of the patent under which Dry Ice is manufactured, the American Patent Development Corp. received royalties from every ton of dry ice made throughout the world. This is the company sponsored and financed by August Heckscher. A number of plants are already in operation throughout the United States. In addition to its dry ice affiliation the company owns either 100% or controlling interest in the other companies above mentioned.

The story of radio, dry ice, television, neon electric signs and thousands of other popular inventions and patented devices reads like an industrial Arabian Nights.

Huge profits accrue from patented articles, because anything which saves human labor multiplies wealth. This is graphically illustrated by the telephone because today a man can communicate from New York to Paris in a few minutes while only a year ago it was impossible to hear the human voice across the seas.

American Patents Development was organized to finance, develop and manage meritorious patented products and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in acquiring and establishing its present subsidiaries.

## Where Food Serves Its Real Purpose

*Continued from page 68*

sea foods. It serves about 1,000 pounds of fish a day. A five-pound fish makes five portions.

While there is no effort to force you to eat fish and you have perfect freedom of choice in what you eat, the food is before you in a tasty, showy way, there are nifty girls to serve you and an atmosphere of refinement and culture permeates the entire place. There is nothing of the cabaret din, or cover charge about the North American.

## Novelist's Cabin Home in Heart of Rockies

*Continued from page 67*

few pieces of old brass, carefully arranged. Above hangs a deer head.

One rarely looks for romance in such an humble abode. But even the well-filled rustic woodbox, you learn, was for a time the home of two prairie dogs, tamed and cared for by Mrs. Rinehart, and one almost envies the little wayfaring pets.

To the left and above is spread on the wall a trophy of the hunter's skill, a large black bear hide, and just beneath, on low, roomy shelves are a number of worn volumes. Not the conventional favorites selected with bookish precision—they would be too stereotyped for this individualistic person. At a glance, you know they are just the odds and ends that have accumulated for years.

A few pieces of Indian pottery occupy the top of the case and on the wall in a conspicuous place hangs a framed picture of Howard Eaton, pioneer, hunter and guide, who was prominently identified with the firm of Eaton Brothers until his passing in 1922.

The Camel necklaces, of bright colored beads, hanging by the mantel, would interest you. You learn that in the Sahara Desert, they were supposed to keep away the evil eye. The immense, white parchment shade, a four-sided Japanese lantern effect, just above your head, was made by the Blackfeet Indians. It is fantastically embellished with their symbolic designs. At the extreme end of the living room, the wall is adorned with an Oriental square, which in the Washington home served for a time as a cover on Polly's cage. You cannot resist the desire to hold in your hand a real print which this

world-traveller selected in Bagdad during her extensive travels. The attractive wicker furniture done in pretty chintz completes the setting.

Seated in rustic rockers on the roomy porch, which is bordered with boxes where old-fashioned flowers are blooming in a riot of color, one learns, that during these annual visits the author feasts on mountain scenery, the broad expanse of outdoors, the sunlit hills touched with purple and gold, the glory of moonlight, and the mist that blots out the landscape.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Rinehart is often awakened for the new day at the break of dawn by a symphony outside her cabin door, with a feathered choir pouring out its gratitude for the birdfeeding-station which this lover-of-nature has established on the rustic porch. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why she is lured to the west.

While resting between the writing of books, Mrs. Rinehart interests herself in playing bridge and mingles some with the other guests at this dude ranch, but more often seeks rest in solitude. She has recently finished a new book which will soon be off the press.

This popular author is one of those rare persons born for achievement and honor to whom the upreaching crags are only a challenge to reach the top.

Having attained the mental agility of a mountain goat, she has scaled the peaks in her chosen profession, and that is her realm today. Guests frequently take active part in

the western rodeos and those at Eaton's will enthusiastically tell you that this truly feminine lady has thoroughly adapted herself to the western life.

For years, she has been instrumental in the success of Frontier Day which brought thousands of residents to the ranch. The affairs were staged to foster and preserve the spirit and romance of the old west. Parades were heralded by trumpeters, and colorful pageants were presented. Some of the participants were mounted on sleek horses; others arrayed in gorgeous costumes and royal robes walked with measured tread and were attended by trainbearers. The elaborate affairs called for swords, armors, glittering helmets, breastplates—all made by the tinsmith. In all of this, Mrs. Rinehart's ingenuity was displayed. Days and days of her time were spent in designing, planning, cutting, stitching, and other hard work. Then the cowboys matched their strength with bucking broncs, and for bulldogging the steers, and for races of all kinds, received worthwhile purses. In such colorful scenes, the west sees and knows the real Mrs. Rinehart. The author is fond of fishing and despite the weakness following an illness has been known to climb excitedly down precipitous banks through a tangle of brush and over huge boulders, to claim a speckled beauty.

Duck hunting is another of her diversions but she avoids the long, hard camping trips for big game "on top," though with her husband she has climbed the fragrant trails in the rugged mountains and found quiet and recreation in the high altitude.

## A President's School Teacher

*Continued from page 78*

over him, but he did consent to talk to the school children. After he had gone back to Washington, I had a large flat package come in the mail one day. When I opened it there was his photograph, and under it he had written, 'To Mrs. J. K. Curran, with heartiest regards of Herbert Hoover.' That shows how thoughtful he is of others, remembering me clear out here in Iowa."

Mrs. Curran then showed me her scrap book. She told me that she had been keeping all the newspaper and magazine clippings of Mr. Hoover since 1920. I had noticed before that she and her husband were evidently readers, because there were many magazines and papers in evidence besides a bookcase full of books. Her love of flowers which was evident in the yard and porch was also revealed inside of the house by many bouquets.

All this time I had also been very interested in Mr. Curran, who in a proud, deferential way had been confirming all that his wife said, and adding little items of interest to her remarks. When I rather timidly asked him what his business was (I felt so rude in quizzing this tall, rather distinguished

looking gentleman of the old school), he replied genially, "Oh, I'm just loafing. We moved in from the farm fourteen years ago and I just have my garden and a few chickens." Upon further questioning he told me that he was born on the Isle of Man and came to America in 1875.

As we stood on the porch, we could see off to the left the little cemetery on the side of a hill where Jesse and Huldah Hoover are buried, and to the right we could see the schoolhouse where their son Herbert once went to school, and I knew that I would always remember my visit with "John and Molly." I knew that I would always have faith in the United States—a country which can call to her helm a man like Herbert Hoover, son of Jesse, the blacksmith, and Hulda, the Quaker preacher.

## "Down to Egypt" on an Excursion Ticket

*Continued from page 85*

way to the royal presence and paid my respects with the best French bow I could make. Sebrey Pasha, my escort, spoke English fluently, having studied at the

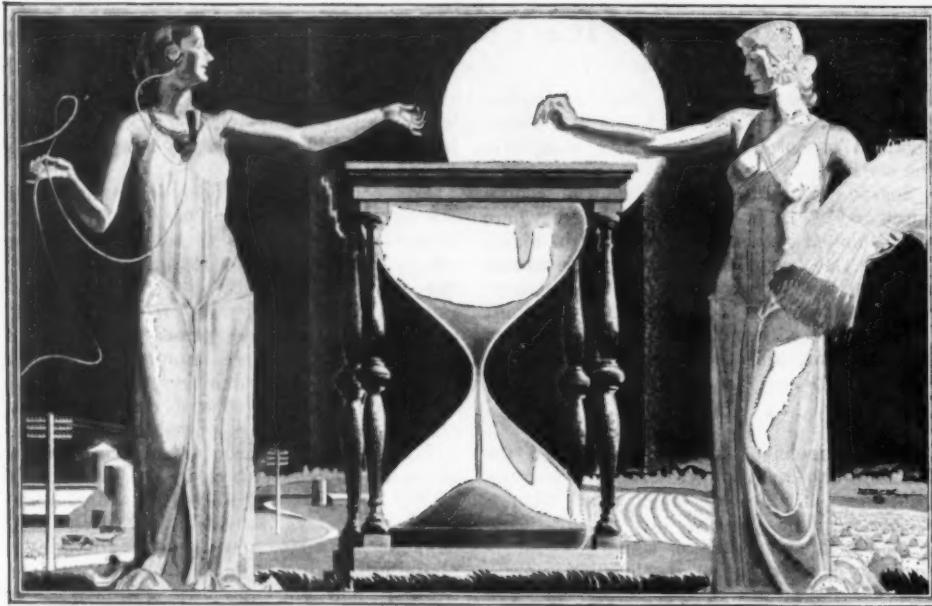
English universities, and explained the various ceremonies to me, some of which originated with the Pharaohs.

The English occupation of Egypt seemed to be the prevailing topic of conversation. Every now and then, from those who could speak English, I heard a low, murmured appeal and protest for the immediate removal of the British soldiers. The presence of the Tommies especially irritated the students, who want to see their own soldiers on duty, guarding the peace of the Nile, or none at all.

\* \* \*

There were concerts and social affairs going on in every part of the city during the evening, although the reception at the magnificent royal palace was the centre of attraction. All Alexandria's four hundred had turned out in gala array, and every conceivable sort of vehicle was parked on the palace grounds.

The king had previously held a reception at the marquee which had been constructed for the purpose, where he was formally received by the Ministers and the Ward committee. Here the latter took an oath, renewing an allegiance to the new nation and the new king, under the green flag of three stars and a crescent.



## Kansas saves Twenty Years

*An Advertisement of  
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

MORE than three hundred studies are being carried on constantly by the research, engineering and business staffs of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the associated companies of the Bell System to accomplish definite improvements in telephone service.

In 1927 the number of local calls not completed on the first attempt was reduced by 5 per cent. This means the better handling of 200,000,000 calls a year.

In 1926 the average time of handling toll and long distance calls was 2 minutes. In 1927 this average was reduced to 1½ minutes, with further improvements in voice transmission.

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calls made in Kansas in 1927 an average reduction of a minute and a half was made on each call—a total of twenty years saved. These more than three hundred special studies have as their goal definite improvements in local, toll and long distance service. It is the policy of the Bell System to furnish the best possible service at the least cost to the user.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company accepts its responsibility for a nation-wide telephone service as a public trust. It is fundamental in the policy of the company that all earnings after regular dividends and a surplus for financial security be used to give more and better service to the public.

### The Magic Power of Advertising

*Continued from page 76*

phantas. Every time one of these big men got up to face the microphone, shaking and palpitating, I took him a glass of water, and when he came back I gave him another. They were the most humanly grateful men I have ever seen. In particular, I shall never forget Edison, bashful as a schoolboy on a Friday "speaking his piece."

If you advertisers will remember that men—personalities—publicity are the real basis of advertising I can see the future of advertising swept clean of the problems that now seem to be confronting it. Advertising will reach its own proper level when advertising adjusts itself to its proper basis and the most interesting thing in the world—people.

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of National Magazine, published monthly at 952-956 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass., required by the act of August 24, 1912. Note—This statement is to be made in duplicate, and both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the publisher.

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WILL H. CHAPPLE, Business Manager  
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 16th day of October, 1928.

Lawrence S. Bearse, Notary Public

(Seal) (My commission expires September 5, 1935)

### Ticklweed and Feathers

When House Peters returned from his last trip to the Orient, he commented on the surprising number of western ways that Japan has adopted. "They even play baseball over there," he exclaimed.

"And do they dance the Charleston?" asked Norma Shearer.

"You bet they do!" laughed Peters. "That's where the girls show their Japanese knees."—*Los Angeles Times*.

### Camping on the Game Trail

Mrs. Jones—"Do your daughters live at home?"

Mrs. Smith—"Oh, no! They aren't married yet."—*Life*.

First Nut—"What is the penalty for bigamy?"

Second Nut—"Two mothers-in-law."

### Tough Break

"I hear that Joe Likker, the bootlegger, is going broke."

"Yeah. A dissatisfied customer started a whispering campaign against his gin."

A hard-luck story is one that all the editors have rejected.

MacPherson was seeing his prosperous cousin off by the return excursion to London.

"Man, David," he said, "would ye no like tae leave me a shillin' or sae tae drink yer health an' a safe journey?"

David thrust his hand tight into his pockets.

"A'm awfu' sorry," he replied. "A' the few shillin's I can spare I send tae ma puir auld mither!"

"Hoots awa! An' just the ither day yer auld mither telt me as ye never sent her a penny piece!"

"Well, then, if I never send onything tae that puir auld soul, whit chance dae ye think ye stan'?"—*London Tid-Bits*.

Laughing is a fine sport, indoor or outdoor. It is infectious. It makes others smile and laugh and to do that is to render a real public service. A scientist has ascertained that to maintain a frown on the face no less than thirty-two muscles are employed, to maintain a smile fifteen muscles, —a clear saving of seventeen muscles. No wonder the funny men reap golden rewards. They are savers.

### The Prodigal Son-in-law

Girl's Father: Young man, are you able to support a family?

Young Man: Yes, sir; how many are there in your family?

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*THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS*

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AN ENDLESS CHAIN OF INGOT IRON SHEETS IN THE ARMCO MILLS

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To meet the growing demand for this rust-resisting iron, new manufacturing methods have been worked out in the *Armco* mills. These important developments mark a new era in the iron and steel industry; they have increased the production of *Armco* ingot iron by thousands of tons.

If you would reduce repair costs and depreciation on buildings, tanks, railroad cars, handling equipment, stacks, culverts, etc., see that *Armco* ingot iron

is used. You'll also save on construction, too, because this iron is unusually ductile and easy to work. The *Armco* Triangle stamped on every sheet identifies the purest iron made.

**And in the HOME** Home owners and builders, too, are saving the cost and annoyance of frequent repairs. They are insisting on *Armco* ingot iron for gutters, downspouts, flashing, metal lath . . . and other metal parts about a house. When you build or repair, look for the sheet metal shop that displays the *Armco* sign.

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**\*RUST-FIRE!** The only difference between rusting and burning is time—both are oxidation. You can feel and see the fire produced by rapid burning. But when metal rusts, the process is too slow to see. Rust is the evidence of this fire.

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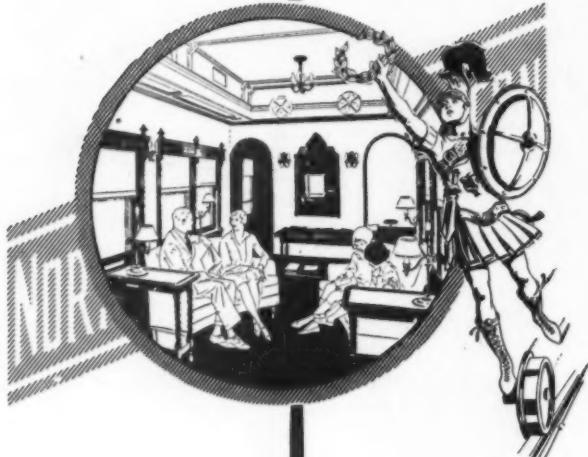
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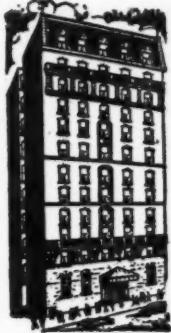
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Vol. LVII DECEMBER, 1928 New Series No.4

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LUXURIOUSLY  
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MIDWAY BETWEEN THE  
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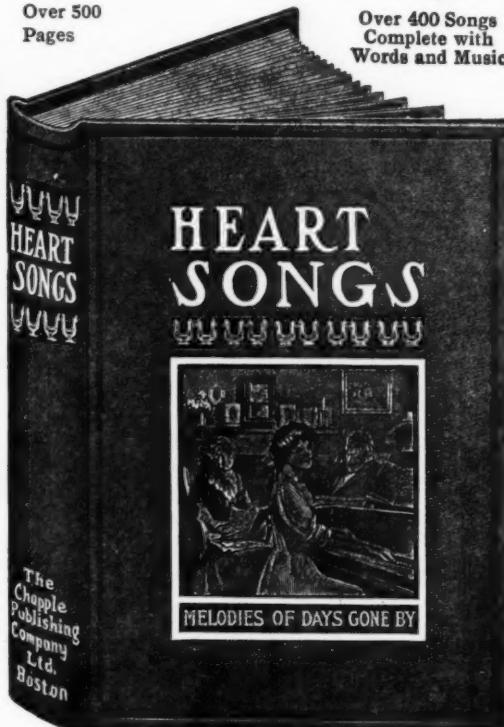
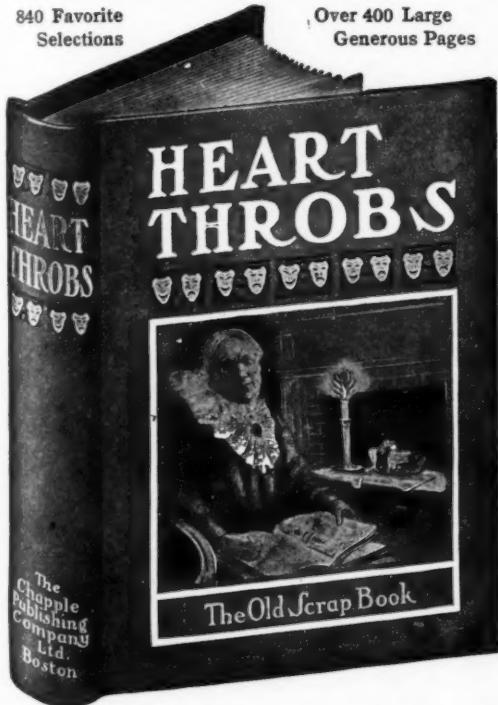
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— Tennyson.

